

John Edgar Wideman  
on Rioting, Racism, and Other White Lies

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1992 • \$2.50

## Redford Rides Again

PLUS

Madonna's  
Sexual Revolution

Hollywood's  
Next Generation

Pete Rose's  
New Gamble

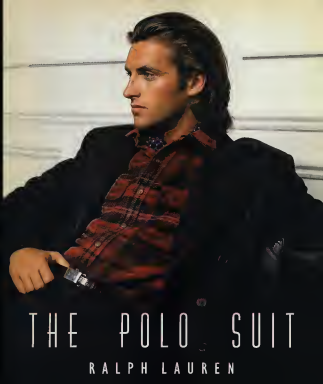
Fall Fashion's  
Sophistication

AND

Ken Kesey  
Kissing No Ass







THE POLO SUIT

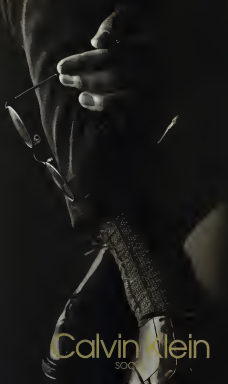
RALPH LAUREN



© 2000 Calvin Klein



COLLECTION



Calvin Klein  
SOC

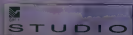




*free souls*

BANANA REPUBLIC





THE CRAFT COMPANY™ 1206 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS NEW YORK, NY 10044 (212) 394-4030

© 1994 GFT  
GFT







## MAN AT HIS BEST



Just the  
start of her life  
after "Je le  
Tais" French  
coquette  
Vanessa  
Paradis stars  
behind bars  
for Chanel.  
Page 75

## What's Happening 68

Ona Bengt, Vanessa Paradis, Darius Tarr, and in space, women are, prison escapes, floods and Cops want for prison, and more

## Classics 71

THE ADAMS GAVE America's favorite pastime with their reading order—it's about making people. By JOHN BROWNE

## Off the Charts 84

BRITNEY OF LOVE: Nigella's Midge Finkel joins Little Brown in a successful rock-ethic fusion. By KURT LOKEN

## The Seasoned Cook 91

THE ANTI PASTA. Loaded with summer herbs, spaghetti isn't just a wintertime starch anymore. By EUGEN SCHWABLING

## Design 94

CYBER FLARE: Drawing inspiration from MOMA, designers are adapting microchip analogy to rage. By PAUL FETTER

## House Hunting 96

NEXT STOP, TELMAM: Finally, a suburb for fleeing Mainers who want to stay near the center of the universe but don't want to fill off the bus of the earth. By PAUL SCHWARTZ



How much a chat system dares to do? Page 68

## COLUMNS AND DEPARTMENTS

## American Scene 103

By DAVID FRANCE: Hitting down and catching in on Madison's compulsive pornographic escapades

## Letter from Tokyo 111

By WALTER SHAFER: The baffling search for the soul of consumer mad, media obsessed, Freud-free Japan

## The Raw and the Cooked 125

By JIM HARRISON: Zen and the art of cooking headcheese in Michigan's Upper Peninsula

## Executive Summary 131

By STANLEY BING: There's a world of licensing options out there, none of which make any money

## The Sporting Life 135

By MIKE LUPICA: Pat Rife may be a hit on the radio, but so for the Hall of Fame all bets are off

## Women 141

By TERRY TOWNE: Making a case for the sophisticated, intelligent, gritty-defying, postmodern house

## Adversaria 212

By TOM DE HAVEN and GARY FARTER

## The Sound and the Fury 37

LETTERS FROM READERS

Backstage with Esquire: NOVEL ON CONTINUOUS. Charlie Sheen signs up in the make. Page 125



MATSUDA EYEWEAR COLLECTION

MATSUDA

OFFICIAL SHOP OF ASPEN - LA, ASPEN - ROCKY MOUNTAIN OFFSHORE - NEWYORK - CITY OFFICE - SAN FRANCISCO - LE SPICE OFFICE - CHICAGO - FIRST CHAIRMAN - TORONTO

OFFICIAL SHOP OF ASPEN - LA, ASPEN - ROCKY MOUNTAIN OFFSHORE - NEWYORK - CITY OFFICE - SAN FRANCISCO - LE SPICE OFFICE - CHICAGO - FIRST CHAIRMAN - TORONTO





**stacy adams®**  
Wholesale W-52801

SELK & LEGGETT STORES • PORTER STEVENS • WALTER PYS'S

Available at select stores



FERRERELLI SUITS



# GUCCI

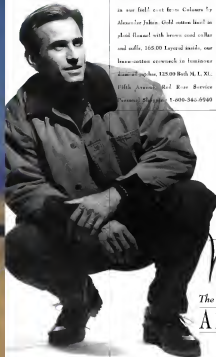
TIMEPIECES



J.L. HUDSON

DAYTON'S

MARSHALL FIELD'S



It's a short one, from hearty to handsome, in our field coat from Colours by Alexander Jahn. Gold cotton lined in plaid flannel with brown cord collar and cuffs, 165.00 Layered inside, our loose-cotton crewneck in luminous diamond poplin, 135.00 Both M, L, XL. Fifth Avenue, Red Rose Service Personal Shopping 1-800-340-6540



*Red Rose*

The SIGNATURE of  
AMERICAN  
STYLE





*Nobody does*  
**S H I R T S**  
*like Dockers*



For the store nearest you call 1-800-Dockers





The gentleman suit, as interpreted by *Gieves and Hawkey*. From the Fall

1992 "Of The Pig" collection, including suits, sportcoats, trousers and  
 GRAY EXPECTATIONS  
 sweaters in the Men's Store (lower level) 7th Floor. And selected stores

GETTING THE NAME FOR A NEW ELEGANCE  
**bloomingdales**

Join us in New York on September 24 and 25, noon to 7pm, for a preview of the entire fall collection. To make a personal appointment for this show or for assistance with all your shopping needs call At-Home Service 212-765-3633



Years from now the wisdom of buying a Hartmann  
 will be even more apparent.

You'll see it in the way our classic bridle leather becomes more beautiful with each passing day. You'll become further convinced as your appreciation for its

**hartmann**

craftsmanship and design continues to grow. But the place it becomes the most apparent is in the pride that comes with owning Hartmann.

Reestablished since 1877

© 1991 Hartmann



T O M M Y



H I L F I G E R







What do you need to wear them?  
An attitude? A look? No. About thirty bucks.

*Lee Basics aren't the kind of jeans you're likely to see on shows to fashion. They're just jeans. Relaxed fit. Button fly. No designer name. No gimmicks. Basics are jeans the way they were meant to be. Which means they're the perfect thing to wear when all you want to look like is yourself.*

B A S I C • R E L A X E D • F I T



*The brand that fits*





MONDO  
di Marco











"To make a shoe that fits this well, you need a needle, a good piece of leather, and my uncle."

Bob Swasey was 10 years old when his uncle taught him how to handsew. He's been handsewing Sebago Classics for over 70 years. And today, Bob's son is also with the company. One shoe-maker's rare comfort still fits just as perfectly as Sebago fit runs in the family.



**SEBAGO**  
America's World-Class Footwear®

## Esquire

DANIEL HADLER LEWIS

BYRON C. O'MALLEY  
National Advertising Manager

JEFFREY S. ROSS  
Sales Club Manager

BOB KOVACH  
DEANNA C. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN

ANTHONY J. LUCAS  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN

LEWIS C. LUCAS  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN

LEWIS C. LUCAS  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN

LEWIS C. LUCAS  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN

LEWIS C. LUCAS  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN

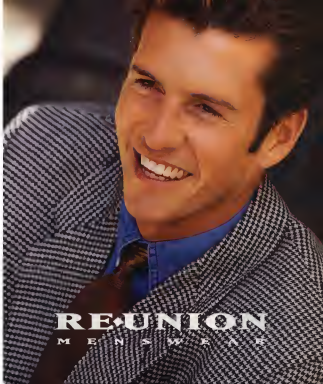
LEWIS C. LUCAS  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN

LEWIS C. LUCAS  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN

LEWIS C. LUCAS  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN

LEWIS C. LUCAS  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN

LEWIS C. LUCAS  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN  
JAMES A. BROWN



**REUNION**  
MENSWEAR



본문 참조(2017년 12월 12일) (2018년 1월 10일) (2018년 1월 10일)

**GOLD/PFEIL**



W. H. REERHYS, RUBENS/ETN BROS., WALLA WALLA  
1011 STREET C/DRE HARTMANN, TELEPHONE 7-0015, 504 W. 5TH



**"Smalto. You make me weak."**



# FOLEY'S

TO ORDER, PLEASE CALL 1-800-473-9462



BURBERRY'S TODAY

800-678-9272 • FAX 800-678-9273 • WWW.BEYONCENET.COM • U.S. 8 WKS FIFTH AVENUE

000 143 40 11







Good design  
is the dominance  
of the whole  
over the parts  
PORSCHE DESIGN



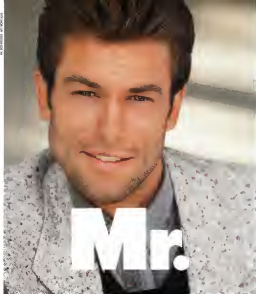
Woolrich, Pennsylvania

It is here that John Rich founded his company  
162 years ago. Since that time the Woolrich  
name has become synonymous with  
rugged, finely-detailed, wool outerwear.  
And the town has pretty much  
become known for the same  
thing. Of course,  
you're equally  
valuable  
in both.

See You In Woolrich.







**Reporter**  
ITALIAN FASHION

Direzione New York  
140 Fifth Avenue - 10011 (USA)  
Ph. 212/693-0655 Fax 212/693-1485

Direzione Los Angeles  
4441 Beverly Blvd. - Suite 11 - West Hollywood  
Ph. 310/443-0136 Fax 310/443-0137

Direzione Milano  
Via Ticino 34 - 20121  
Ph. 02/48000011 FAX 02/48000111



COLLECTION AUTOMNE-HIVER '92









EXCLUSIVELY AT  
NORDSTROM

**Dockers' Shoes.** Official Equipment of the Porch Basketball League. With a relaxed fit and feel. Just add a little friendly competition. And you're ready to work off that Sunday Brunch. Yeah, right.

# SHOES

FOR THE TOOLS AHEAD! YOU CAN! 800 727 4376



# DON'T CRACK UNDER PRESSURE

TAG-Heuer watches possess endurance and precise qualities found among those who thrive on pressure. The Series 4000 with a battery life indicator is water-resistant to 200 meters (660 feet). It features a unidirectional turning bezel, a durable leather strap and a scratch-resistant sapphire crystal.



TAG-Heuer  
SWISS MADE SINCE 1860

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE

JEWELERS SINCE 1888





A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit and tie, standing in profile and looking back over his right shoulder. He is positioned in the center of the frame against a plain, light-colored background. The lighting is soft, casting a subtle shadow on the floor beneath him.

Louis Boston.

© 2006 Pearson Education, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America. This book is published by Pearson Education, Inc., 501 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116.

A photograph of a man with dark hair and a mustache, wearing a light purple short-sleeved shirt, sleeping peacefully on a patterned sofa. A vintage-style sewing machine is positioned on a table to his left. The scene is dimly lit, with warm light coming from the right, creating a cozy atmosphere.

**ROBERT STOCK**  
FURNISHINGS

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 218–227





GRAYS  
BY GARY WASSERMAN

BARNEYS NEW YORK, NY LESLIE'S COMPANY, HOUSTON, TX

© 1994 LESLIE'S COMPANY

© 1994 LESLIE'S COMPANY



GRAYS  
BY GARY WASSERMAN

JOHNS & COMPANY, PHOENIX, AZ OLIVEROS QUINN, BIRMINGHAM, AL



ELECTIONS ➤

Journal of Management Education 35(1)







# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

**T**HE CIVIL-RIGHTS BATTLES of the Fifties and Sixties notwithstanding, urban blacks are still losing the larger war that has been waged ever since—a backbreaking struggle for economic ascendancy. The Los Angeles riots are as much a



John Edgar Wideman

renewal in that first fact as it is a community's coming over the hump of Rodney King. The hopelessness of the inner cities is further evidenced in the choice of role models by some black youths: The generation of the Sixties had the Black Panthers, with their solidarity berets and their strong sense of identity and community. In black culture, the new generation is drawn to the high-profile entrepreneurship, the I'm-going-to-get-rich-and-also-you-too spirit of the L.A. and the South.

In our lead story this month, "Lost Black Men and Other Pillows from the American Dream" (page 148), James Thomas Wideman journeys to Los Angeles to examine the physical and emotional effects of the rioting, placing it within its larger historical context. "The *Northern* answer to the *South is East*," Wideman says ruefully. "absolute terror." Wideman is the author of *The Homestead Trilogy: The Story of John Edgar Wideman* and *Philadelphia Fire*, which won the 1991 PEN/Voelcker prize. "The issue of Philadelphia," he says, "is if the city can attack a group like MEK today, why can you tomorrow? Indeed, the irony is in order. It there were for America's in these times, far different than the oldest American question, and the events in Los Angeles have made me passionate."

Not far from South-Central Los Angeles, but a world away in its closeness with the business, is another community in crisis. Holly wood. If the 1930s and '40s were its Golden Age, then we have just come out of the *Alcatraz* Age—in which everything was recycled. Now, in what L. M. Kit Carson calls Hollywood's dreariest era (it ranked the first time in *Esquire* in 1991), there is a breed of independent filmmakers and a lot of backstreeters who are trying to become the new players. ("New Kids on the Lot," page 134) "These people are originals and want to tell their stories," says Carson, whose own credits include *Fire*, *Taste* (adapted from) and *Tom Cheevers* (screenplay & producer). "Once they were on the edge of the system. Now the system has met them." Carson is a fellow at the Sundance Institute (in "Kee Lenny Nolan No Act" (page 135), Contributing Editor Carl Brown meets up with the *Mystery Prankster* on the eve of the publication of *Silver Skin*, Brown's first novel since 1981's *Serotonin*, a *Glenn Gould*. After a few days of normal *Kenny*-style browsing,

Brown still recovering, has passed a new appointment just only for *Kenny's* return but for his anxiety independence from the *Glenn Gould* culture essay "I'm looking for love in Eugene," says Brown. A staff writer at *The Washington Post* from 1979 to 1986, Brown has written several notable pieces for *Esquire*, including "The Transformation of Johnny Spino," which re-



Philip Caputo

ceived the 1991 National Magazine Award for best feature writing. Contributing Editor Phil Caputo has suffered through some serious conditions while in assignment for *Esquire*—reporting under fire in Afghanistan and witnessing the aftermath of a mass murder—but nothing has been quite so daunting as getting the notoriously private Robert Redford to open up ("Robert Redford Alone on the Range," page 166). "Redford turned out to be a man of great complexity," says Caputo. "Who would have ever thought the *Audience* Red's favorite author is Chekhov?" Caputo's *Moss of Egypt* will be published as paperback next month by HarperCollins.



Philip Caputo

Stories of *Diamond* Anderson, edited by Charles Smith, to be published in October by Fox White Flight (Westview).

We also planned to announce our new advance that will run from time to time—*Women and Letter Press*—and will feature various *Esquire* writers. It has been twenty years since *New Yorker's* now-famous essay on letters appeared in the magazine, and we're adding that in our inaugural *Women and Letter Press* picks up where *Esquire* left off. In "A Few (More) Words About Women" (page 141), Tracy, a writer in large for *Esquire*, gives us a provocative survey of the new interest in the art form. "I don't want implants," she says. "I want another set."

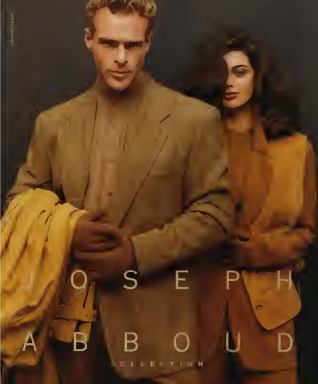
After spending five months in Japan observing the advertising industry, Walter Dargatzis is glad to be back covering the squallor of the presidential election for *Time*, where he is a senior writer. Shapiro, who traveled under the auspices of the U.S.-Japan Leadership Program of the Japan Society, plans to write a book on his experiences and also in his Letter Press Tokyo (page 11) that while there has been a spate of Japan-bashing here, there, the heart of America, is very real. "We have more reverence," Brown says, "see the wonderful looks that belong on Americans just now. Even before Bush threw up, I sensed a lot of pity for Americans." ■



Tracy Tracy



L. M. Kit Carson







NORDSTROM

*JA II*  
JOSEPH ABOUD





# JOE.

FROM

H ABBOD





**NUNN BUSH**

FELENE'S • FOLEY'S • HARRIS' • MEIER & FRANK

Audible electronics



**KRIZIA**  
by  
MEIER & FRANK





# NEW MEDIUM 100's



A special place in Marlboro Country.

The low tar cigarette,  
that's long on flavor.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking  
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal  
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

10 mg "tar," 1 mg nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.





*Sure, I was proud  
And after he belted his  
third one out of the yard,  
I did what any self-respecting  
father would do.  
I brushed him back.*

**Reebok** 

CLASSIC

*The Shoe Fits*





**V2**  
BY VERSACE

© 1995 Versace S.p.A. All rights reserved.



COLOGNE

ALFRED SUNG

FOR MEN

FAMOUS BARR • FLENER'S • FOLEY'S • G. FOX • FLECHT'S  
KAUFMANN'S • LORD & TAYLOR • MAY COMPANY  
MAY O&F • MEIER & FRANK • ROBINSON'S



## RomantiQue.



Romantic body and soul among snow-capped mountains and deep fjords. Here is the quiet beauty of Charlevoix, larger over a candlelit dinner after a day of cross-country skiing, tobogganing, snowmobiling, even gazing a dog sled.



For your free brochure

Call toll free

1 800 363-7777

Ask for operator 248

(Monday through Friday, 9am to 5pm pst)

See Quebec Services at ex p. 149

Tourisme  
Québec

Beyond!

through the enchanted countryside, dotted with charming inns, art galleries and craft shops. Discover the wonders that make winter in Québec so different. Call for information or contact your travel agent today.

Québec  
It Feels So Different.

G. FOR

LOBO & DYER

MAY COMPANY-CHD

ROBINSONS

PARADE 1000 STORES



BRASSBOG



TO THOSE OF YOU WHO  
HAVE WAITED TO BUY  
THE PERFECT  
FITNESS MACHINE . . .  
CONGRATULATIONS  
FROM TRIMAX.



Trimax. The innovative fitness machine of the 80s that will give you a total muscular - and cardiovascular - workout. That's because Trimax uses custom designed hydraulic cylinders to contract muscles through resistance. A training method so effective it's used in professional sports and rehabilitation machines. And each cylinder works in

both directions so actually it's 24 workouts in the Trimax circuit. Train one muscle group at once, cutting your exercise time in half without equipment adjustments or weight changes to slow you - or your trainer's rate - down. Call or write today for your free 16-page brochure. And remember, this promotion stuff only goes so far.

1-800-866-5676  
**TRIMAX**  
2015 Main St. Jamaica, NJ 07030 800 874 1437

ES 8007

# BLUE · STONE



PREMIERING EXCLUSIVELY AT

Dillard's



# MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

## Smoke 'Em If You Can Afford 'Em

**C**igar *Affordable* ("the ultimate men's lifestyle publication"), which debuts this month, carries on a deceptively loyal case of cigar lovers. These are not the men you see slouched in the upper deck at baseball games, their heads swiveling as a groundsman as they gaze



on a lone and hollow underplated sky. No, these men are worth more than 10 million men (50 percent), travel abroad (10 percent), and spend an average of \$12.50 a week on premium cigars. In short, they know

their Monarchs, and there are three million of them. Publisher Marvin Shustler, 49, is a fact lover and a man of many talents. On publication *The Wine Spectator*, he spends upward of \$200,000 a year on his hobby and owns a walk-in humidor that holds about five thousand cigars. He smokes two to four a day, by his own count, and claims to benefit from their psychotropic properties. "I always start my meetings with a great cigar," he says. "It helps stimulate my brain and makes me creative." It was a trip to Cuba in 1999 that actually inspired Shustler to start the cigar

club. "To a one smoker, Cuba wrote the book," he says, referring to the notorious illicitness of the tobacco and still-illegal Havana cigar. But the question is: Do they still roll them here down in Casals' old "Sai," he says between pulls, "without qualification?" As Talt might have said, a revolution is only a revolution. But a good cigar is a smoke.

—JAY ROSEN

## The Five Best Smokes

**CHERRY-TOBACCO WAGON** of Washington, D.C. (a Georgetown T-store on night around for its expertise in smoking outposts) recommends the five best smokes right now. Should the U.S. decide to return to Cuba, you may want to rethink your selection.

- 1. Los Vientos.** Medium strength, with a clustered, woody flavor and an aroma that will "immerse you in presence." Honduran tobacco, \$5.50.
- 2. Paul Newman No. 3.** More small cigars here, but the date-trader has the mellow flavor and draw of a big cigar. Dominican Republic tobacco, \$3.50.
- 3. Paul Newman's Selections.** Blend of six, with a cupped end, a strong, slightly spicy taste, and an "enriched" aroma. Dominican Republic tobacco, \$7.50.
- 4. Ashton PMH Maduro.** Churchill-size, with a full-bodied, peppery flavor. Rich oils in the wrapper give it the space but not the bite of many maduros. Burns cool and smokes all the way down. Dominican Republic tobacco, \$3.50.
- 5. Santa Rosa Churchill.** Reimagined, with a smooth chocolate flavor, two thirds of the size for less than half the price. Honduran tobacco, \$5.50.

## Tartt's Sweet Deal

**W**HEN DOWN THAT STREET at Benning College, she soon realized that her naive

new life "I had never heard of me!" she says. On the eve of her first novel's eighth year in the making, she's received any new books. The book, well, formed her. "The Secret History" is closer in feel to the Victorian novelists she grew up on than to post-modernism. But Karen Miller, 40, for her part received a \$25,000 advance from Knopf.

**YOUNG MONEY:** Donna Tartt makes a literary killing

money doing so, saying, and all of a sudden, it seems that no one moment is too much for an unknown writer who can really write. While out the air, *The Secret History* might be a little hard to swallow, this five-hundred-page tale about a bunch of Benning College classes majors who get mixed up in a houseguest's drunken ecstasy cult that turns mind-blowingly morbid. Tartt, 34, then cover up. "The book entered its molder now state. I was a girl," she twenty-eight-year-old Tartt says twenty-five so small achievement on Tartt's part that the reader feels, for a quick second as men, the writer's enthusiasm of the transgression "I think everyone has a moment when they could do it," she says.

—JAMES HODGES



## We Have Lift-off!

**S**IT ON BACK, the final frontier. This month's mission of the Space Shuttle Endeavor will yield many important scientific experiments, but so many scientific firsts disintegrate this undertaking as much as the fact that we will witness our first space shot with a normal couple on board, that clearing the way for NASA to plan some crucial tests involving a government purchase, the early '90s. Well, you naturally ask, are astronauts really gonna do it? And, if so, how does that work? Will the old problems still plague you in orbit? Or will the Zero-Gravity Dream be the next big thing? NASA brains have on the subject. In fact, republicans have been piloted for acknowledging that space travelers embarking on longer flights will no doubt do what comes naturally. And further for suggesting that when you know the daily boards of earth, the air might just be better. "There'll be much greater freedom of movement," says one NASA consultant.

Finally, what about official Washington, where they wear the check for this stuff, and where there's not a sock, strap, or apparatus on the mission from where we haven't been. Well, General-giving, successful government could be too serious they live. But so worry. Don Quayle, chairman of the National Space Council, stands for nothing if not traditional family values. W





GIORGIO ARMANI

222 Madison Avenue, New York • 426 North LaSalle Street, Beverly Hills • 31 Broadway Street, Boston  
213 East Oak Street, Chicago • The Americana At Sea/Universal, New York

M A N A T H I S S E S T

JOHN BERENDT *Column*

# The Poker Game

**I**F YOU WOULD put the top poker players on this money," Doyle Brunson told me back in June, "America would be a whole lot better off than it is right now." Mr. Brunson is a well-known, storybook Texas hold'em author of the definitive book on poker, *Super/System*. When he spoke of the top players, Brunson is referring to twenty or thirty professionals, hands if included, who sit at the Las Vegas prize tables night in, night, night after night, routinely calling and re-raising with stacks of chips that would put a kid through college.

At that dizzying height, poker is no longer the game of chance that it is for the other ninety-nine million Americans who play it. At this level, it's not even a game anymore. It's a business that depends on the application of mathematics, probability theory, psychology, concentration, and daring. The top-ranked players are all masters of

the fundamentals; they know the odds to well they can calculate the odds to the nearest decimal point and reduce the chances of loss to a minimum. As played by experts of this ilk, poker would be dull and predictable indeed were it not for the game's true life-size coming into play and knock-out hell out of the odds, the bluff.

Bluffing—both along it and against it—is what poker is all about. When poker was first being introduced on Mississippi riverboats in the middle of the last century, it was actually called bluff. Bluffing is what makes poker a quintessentially American pastime. Upon being asked to join a poker game, W.C. Fields once replied, "Is that the game where one removes the cards? And if there's one side that's pretty good, but if there's three sides that's much better? That's a bluff!"

Smart people are good at it, some are not. The great Herbert Brunson had such trouble controlling his facial expressions that

the famous Franklin P. Adams declared, "Anyone who looks at Brunson's face during a poker game is cheating." An impressive poker face is rare, however, enough to fool the pros. They look for a whole range of indicators, known to poker parlance as tells—how a player handles his chips, whether he looks his opponents in the eye, how often he glances at his cards. Chip Reese, regarded by many as the country's best poker player, says skilled players can be a sign that someone is bluffing. According to Sam Preston, another longtime master of the game, watches for the raising of various neck muscles and listens for changes in vocal timbre. He claims to be so alert in the poker table that he can "face an ace-ten on cards in two hundred games."

Doyle Brunson goes Preston one further: "I can beat pots almost anything without even looking at my own cards." All of these men agree that poker is not so much a card game as a people game, and they believe that good poker players are among the most astute judges of other people. It is in the spirit of the game that Brunson has in mind when he says the top players should be running the country.

From a poker player's point of view, George Bush is clearly inadequate. All of the pros I spoke to, even Republican pros, view his chance of Don Quayle as an appalling failure of insight and judgment. Bush's demeanor, furthermore, is fraught with tells. Under stress, his voice becomes high-pitched and steady. His calmness, surely, is a sure sign that Bush's Houston bluffed the pros off him before and after the Gulf war. Sam Preston, on the other hand, plays his cards close to the vest in classic poker style. His low-balling pose, however, vio-

lates a key Machiavellian maxim: "The world belongs to the cool of head—and Bushworth is the patron saint of poker. Of the three presidential candidates, Bill Clinton rates highest among the pros, because he is the least predictable, especially in the face of adversity."

As it happens, a few number of American presidents have been poker players. John was Harry Truman's favorite form of relaxation. He played it on the presidential yacht with a group of regulars that included Chief Justice Fred Vinson. He played it on the coast with Winston Churchill on the way to Fulton, Missouri, where Churchill was to give his famous Casablanca speech. He played a rummy while sitting on the Arizona Aqueduct in the last months of World War II. On one trip, according to interviewee Joseph of U.S. Transit, accompanied reporters to his cabin was mounting and unmounting planes to drop in atomic bombs on Hiroshima. "Once this graphic secret was told to us for [continued on page 75]

THEY SHALL NOT PASS BY ARNOLD ROTH







Big Bad Buca

*Bass*

The Look That Never Wears Out™

Available at many a

Not all stores available at all locations. For more information call 1-800-333-8408



DONNA KARAN  
NEW YORK

## MAN AT HIS BEST

[continued from page 24] later publication," Bush's mouth, "you cause the cards and chips."

No president owes more to poker than Richard Nixon. He played it in the White House and was able to finance his 1960 congressional campaign with his winnings. To a man, the press say they can assure that Nixon would be a superb player. They cite his focused, analytical mind, his self-discipline, his intensely competitive nature. Mike Caro, the author of *Mike Caro's Book of Tells: The Body Language of Poker* gone so far as to claim that Nixon is difficult to read. Caro is considered a highly perceptive watcher of people, yet he told me that even in the height of "Watergate," Nixon never gave any outward sign that he was lying.

"Oh, come on!" I said. "What about those shifty eyes?"

"Those shifty eyes tell you nothing," said Caro. "Nixon always has shifty eyes." ■

## REALITY CHECK

WE DON'T know why the Swiss decided to locate their country's famed retirement world affairs in their parlors at Seville's Expo '92. The slogan, as T-shirts, bracelets, and on the patchwork SWITZERLAND DOESN'T EXIST. It could be their (vaguely spun) attempt to get noticed in the hubbly-bubly of Europe these days. Or they could be right.

**TIME MACHINES:**  
Chronographs (left to right, from top) by Patek, 1995; Tag Heuer 19, 1995; Raymond Weil, 1995; Jaeger LeCoultre 19, 1995; Omega 19, 1995; Gucci 19, 1995; Jarry 19, 1995; Breitling 19, 1995.



STYLAR

## On Time and on the (Blunter) Cutting Edge

SOMEHOW, IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM APPROPRIATE to be strapping on a slim, devilishly elegant watch in the midst of a recession. It doesn't look right. What does is a watch (in the new hands-on parlance, a chronograph) that really works for you. Not that you honestly need that tachymeter, countdown timer, compass, or the dual time displays. But clock shops tend to look favorably on such features, if it comes to that. ■





These days  
it's easier  
to pick  
a great  
American  
suit  
than a  
President!

**BOTANY**  
FIVE HUNDRED  
**500®**

One of the enduring values of America®  
(Remember to vote November 3rd)

12401 MIDLAND & ANDERSON BOULEVARD NW  
CULVER'S AZEEMATA, CA  
THE ENHANCED CO. CLEVELAND, OH  
HUBBARD, NEW YORK, NY  
CONSUMERS, NEW YORK, NY  
HARRISBURG, PA  
FEDERAL MENS WEAR, DELAWARE, DE  
BOSTON, MA  
NEW YORK, NY  
NEW YORK, NY

© 1997 THE BOTANY GROUP  
1-800-333-4300



NEW FACES

# Bardot Redux

NORMALLY we wouldn't make so much of a thirty-second television ad. But the new Chanel perfume spot, directed with flair by Jean Paul Goude, reassures France's steadfast commitment to its resident export: *starlets*. The starlet in question is nineteen-year-old Vanessa Paradis, and not only is she the new face of Chanel, some are calling her the new Bardot. "People just keep calling me that," she says. "It's boring, I'm telling you."

Discrete and charming as it is, the commercial, which debuts statewide during the U.S. Open, reportedly caused a minor scandal at home. Lord knows the French weren't upset with the treatment of Paradis, who is tethered to a trapdoor in a bordello. It was more with the choice of the young Parisienne, known previously in France as a typhoon of pop music (she had a hit single at fourteen with the coquettish "Joe le Tio") or a dragged-up Lolita, which was her role in *Notre Blanche* (for which she won a French Oscar). Her latest career move should further shock her countrymen: a collaboration on an album with dreadlocked pop deejay Leony Kravitz, due this fall. Still, a question must be asked: If a starlet makes a move and no one is offended, is she really a starlet? **A**

**WIND OF PARADISE:** Vanessa Paradis, the latest in a long line of French starlets

MICHEL COMTE


 NIKE  
APPAREL






Chris Mullins, Detroit, Michigan, 5/2002



Berry Sanders, Detroit, Michigan, 5/2002



MACHINE WASH  
COLD WATER  
DO NOT BLEACH  
TUMBLE DRY  
HAVE HEROES



KURT LUDER: Off the Charts

# Spirit of Love

**M**AGG FASHEN and the Possession of Cui Science (Plainscope) Singer and guitarist Fashen is a star in his native Nigeria for reasons that are entirely apparent on this record. Producer Steve Van Zandt—probably still best-known for his years as a member of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band—brought a great ear and some much-appreciated hard-guitar riffs to the studio, and the result is that magic, a rock without fusion pretensions that really rocks. Fashen's vocal and lyrical resemblance to the late Bob Marley is both eerie and earned, and there's nothing recorded about the best his band can do, either. These normally resistant to Afro grooves should note that this isn't ordinary.



AFRO GROOVES: Magg Fashen rocks his roots.

## Elvis: The King of Rock 'n' Roll

The Complete '60s Masters, Elvis Presley (RCA) Take this: five CDs, 140 goddamn tracks—not every hit the man ever had, but most of the great stuff. Plus outtakes, interviews, dockside press-conference snippets, relentless discography, and, oh—the Sun Sessions, a sacred rock document. May RCA now, finally, let the man and his off-released legacy rest in peace. Sure.

UNDEAD ELVIS: All you'll need unless you're, like, nuts

## Ocarina

**D**ISCO SCENARIOS end from Philippe Audren (*Private Music*). Despite fierce competition from Italy and Germany, the French may have the carmen—and guitarist—pop sensibility in all of Europe. I want to make the jury (L'Espresso, then you read. This CD isn't it all. Audren, a young classical musician, found out with a Van Halen hairstyle and a 30-year-old cello, and Modena, an Argentine live musician, with a teaching position for the very same cello, both have called the ocarina track "melodic support in a series of songs," symbolized by one of their producers. Musically, this is Euro-funk disco-rogue as serious as pop (which is to say it's different). And yet Audren's cello ("a Goffredo Cappa from 1912") is just here for a truly glorious time. And... well, Modena probably is the most accomplished ocarina player you're likely to hear (unless, possibly, you ever hear another one).

## Song of the Turkish Dervishes

**S**PIRIT MUSIC: The Zile Ceremony (Hakim Brothers Ltd./Verve). A dark, hypnotic part of Islamic mysticism, the Sema ceremony, recorded as a French electronic format in 1978, a Sema master sits amid a circle of his dervishes, or disciples, together they chant passages from the Koran and sacred musical invocations, creating a series of multidimensional experiences of the greatest of God's names. Allah. There is some rough, breathy flute and occasional muscular percussion, but it's the somber role of the cello and their serpentine interaction that give this music its mesmerizing pull. The solo vocal improvisations are fairly hair-raising, too. Even if you will recognize this as a real music of a powerful order. ■







# TIMBERLAND. BECAUSE NATURE IS A MOTHER.

Peak storms in California pumpe the earth with water and unleash avalanches of mud.

A river in a quiet New England city bursts its banks and surges downtown, ransoming cars, homes and commercial establishments.

Such phenomena occur each year. And the fact that we are mechanized, urbanized and civilized does nothing to change the age-old pattern. Fact is, the

rugged outdoors isn't something a thousand miles away.

Very often, it's right outside your window.

Luckily, you can also find protection right outside your window — or close to it — in a brand of waterproof clothing called Timberland. Two decades ago we began building a built-to-the system of premium leather clothing for

nature's worst and wettest moods, a system that we improve with each new season of weather.

You can see how latest thinking is a durable, warmly lined field coat that's as waterproof as it is handsome. A coat that lets you wear premium Timberland nubuck leather through meadow or mountain.

And no matter what pours down from the clouds, your path will be warm, dry and comfortable if you count on the leather boots and shoes shown on these pages.

Note the classic wingtip and the traditionally rugged eight-lace boot. Different as their uses may be, both are equally waterproof. And so are the oxford and

chukka. You may wear one to the office and the other to the woods, but the enduring comfort and waterproof performance are the same.

Each year, we test our products in the 1,000-mile Adirondack dog race.

nature's most threatening elements. Something to remember next time you're stuck in a storm on the interstate.

## The Adirondack Dog Race. May 30, 1989

The Adirondack Dog Race has a history of over 100 years, and was the first time of water down the Adirondack Valley in a hundred years. The race was held on May 30, 1989, and was the first time the race was held on May 30, 1989.



BOOTS SHOES CLOTHING  
WIND WATER, EARTH AND SKY  
In Selected Markets, see Retail Directory after p. 24







# Assets

ANDREW FEZZA



style & sportswear  
5278 So. 58th  
Miami's  
Highly & Brothers

M A N A T H E S T

THE SEASONED COOK

## The Anti-Pasta

**O**ne evening in a cornered, rough, doughy (and tender) trattoria in suburban Buffalo, All these were pretty straightforward, innocuous, but I've never learned the rough parts can be dressed up with anything from creamed garlic to peppery roots. The way Toronto's version of Pina Fava suggests making them, though, seems so suited to summer as macaroni with tomato. The

loosely the dough with fresh herbs to bring even more lightness of being to what was once treated off as only a summer snack. Spicetale is usually a side dish, but I've found it's really anything as supper, with only butter and cracked black pepper for sauce. To make a meal for two (or a side dish for four) first bring a big pot of salted water to a boil.

Then, blanch three cups of flour in a large bowl, and mix in half a teaspoon of salt, a quarter-teaspoon of fresh pepper, and a hefty dash of cayenne. Make a well in the center and break four small large eggs into it. Pour in one cup of milk and beat with a wooden spoon until the mixture is smooth, but not so much that the dough starts to rise like fluffy Puff. Now blend in three to four table-spoons of mixed herbs. (I'm using one cup of chives, two of parsley, and less than a full cup of tomatoes, but ditto, cilantro, basil, and/or any thing else in the herb garden

will be just be sure to notice it really fine. When the water is rolling, spoon a quarter of the dough into a colander the kind you usually use for draining farfalle. Holding a wire mesh behind the holes, press the dough through the holes with the back of the spoon as if to make little droplets. When the spicetale float to the surface, they're cooked.

Scoop them out with a strainer, drain them well and place in a warm bowl. Then spoon with the remaining batter. To serve, you can use the spicetale with a heart-stopping dash of sweet butter and lots of salt and pepper, heat them in a little in an oiled meat pan, or drizzle them with your usual spaghetti sauce. In any case, it's really faster than you can make risotto's macaroni and cheese.

The only thing sadder would be my friend's recipe: "Spicetale is like coarsely—you buy the best." But I think I'll use that one for farfalle.

—KATHA SCHRAMBERG

will be just be sure to notice it really fine.

When the water is rolling, spoon a quarter of the dough into a colander the kind you usually use for draining farfalle. Holding a wire mesh behind the holes, press the dough through the holes with the back of the spoon as if to make little droplets. When the spicetale float to the surface, they're cooked.

Scoop them out with a strainer, drain them well and place in a warm bowl. Then spoon with the remaining batter.

To serve, you can use the spicetale with a heart-stopping dash of sweet butter and lots of salt and pepper, heat them in a little in an oiled meat pan, or drizzle them with your usual spaghetti sauce. In any case, it's really faster than you can make risotto's macaroni and cheese.

The only thing sadder would be my friend's recipe: "Spicetale is like coarsely—you buy the best." But I think I'll use that one for farfalle.

—KATHA SCHRAMBERG



IF IT HAD A 20-VALVE HIGH-PERFORMANCE ENGINE, IT WOULD BE OUR COMPETITION.



© 1997 Acura Motor Co. All rights reserved. Acura, Acura logo, and Vigor are registered trademarks of Acura Motor Co. U.S.A.



*Acura Vigor GS*

Imagine settling back in a comfortable leather seat, escaping the pressures of the outside world. You adjust the volume on your one-of-a-kind sound system and take in the unobstructed view. But instead of turning the page of your book, you downshift and turn the corner.

As luxuriously furnished as the Acura Vigor GS is, aesthetics never take a backseat to performance. So, the real beauty of its leather- and wood-trimmed interior is the fact that it was designed to enhance the driving experience. From

the way the seats hold your body in place to the way the controls respond to your touch. And knowing you have standard anti-lock brakes and a driver's side air bag will surely help you relax.

Add all that to a 2.5-liter, 176-horsepower engine and you realize that the Acura Vigor is one car that not only offers you the comforts of home, but the power to leave it very quickly. For more information or your nearest dealer, call 1-800-TO-ACURA.





PHIL PATTON Design

## Cyber Fibers

THESE ARE the patterns of today," says Douglas Hoffman, Hallman of Cyber Fiber (Moscow, Fla.). Covering for a Digital Notice, which adapts the images of electronic imagery and micrographs to rag. "You know hieroglyphs in Egypt? They were the patterns of the culture, these are the patterns of our culture."

For years, when you walked into the office of any Silicon Valley executive, a computer was the first thing you would see. You would find on the wall a diagram of a microchip, computer placed in bright red or gold framed like a valuable print. In a complex geometric full of detail so readily engage the eye. Then the Museum of Modern Art caught on its show: Information Art. Displaying microchips is now an national tour. "When I saw the MoMA show," says Hoffman, "I was really looking out."

Hoffman wasn't the only one. Thanks to a new generation of rag and carpet weavers and designers, you can have something close to those chip rags on your floor. This is living, since it was the jacquard loom, with its punch card patterning system, that inspired the invention of the IBM punch card and



the computer is in. You could call it the first computer-driven machine.

In an old Moscow house that used to belong to a

"second color" is in the architecture, not the electronics, that are the keynotes of the Van Campen plays with the program, takes a lot of an orange he likes, then a blue and red. He calls

## Peace Is Breaking Out All Over

IN THE WAKE of the L.A. riots, many representatives of the city's street gang have banded the banner and founded BCLC or Blood and Crap Line for Peace. BCLC is a full-time working concern (founded 1991-1992) that profits (no joke) with a three-pronged attack on environmentally correct car wash, a brigade of Gals and Boys that render, and Flaga a Rag, a company that will market "the new Fiber" bearing the legend: HOWE CAN WE CAN WAS FOR YOU? I hear the question for New World Order of course. Gorbachev visited southern California last May. Are we absolutely sure he didn't perform a little shuttle diplomacy in South Central?



MADE BY MICROCHIP: Cyber Fiber rag, cover, Van Campen design, above and below

the much "simplified solutions." Not that anything produced by a computer necessarily has to look only like the chips in the computer. In the Cyber Fiber line, Hoffman turns the shapes of circuitry into colors of brown, orange, or the Greek border on the coffee-shop paper rug. Other rags in the line turn sections of chips into abstract, like architectural renderings or maps for urban robot, space-don City, rendered in orange and Maroon blue and red. The nearly, too thick pattern of several of the Van Campen rug look less like circuitry than like some computer-generated diagrams from chess theory the subpages of old books or maps in a crystal, shimmering in the view of an electron microscope.

For, as Hoffman notes, "these patterns are visible to the eye. They are actually arranged above floor now is that?"

DRAKKAR NOIR

Eau de Toilette  
Guy Laroche  
Paris

Dillard's  
Higbee's

Feel the power



PAUL SCHNEIDER Home Hunting



**LITTLE PELHAM IN THE MIDDLE:** "Don't get fooled into the notion of the suburban suburb," says a resident. "Pelham is a suburb, that's why we moved here. It's very nice."

recently went for \$400,000 to a young doctor and family. And a 4,400-square-foot Victorian on a large lot surrounded by other large Victorians is under contract for \$700,000. Deep discounts may be available for the odd find, however, since few commuters are looking for a husband's house.

**THE OUTLOOK:** The big price boom is dead. The big price bust is dead. Long live the big price plateau!

**WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?** Pelham probably grades itself as an economic and racial diversity refuge to other suburbs. Still, a few blunders prove otherwise: Pelham Heights is where liberals, former liberals, and well-known politicians prefer to settle. Pelham Manor tends to be more conservative, and more, well, married. Finally, there's Pelville, home to those who can't afford the other two neighborhoods.

**REPORT CARD:** Eighty-five percent of the graduates of Pelham public schools go on to college. The ability to put the money toward the most yuge rather than junior's tuition is one reason people end up in Pelham.

**TAKING:** "Our taxes are in line with Bronx values," says a local agent. Translating roughly \$1,000 a year for a \$200,000 house. Good public schools, at least people leave their cars at home.

#### THE LISTING

Four-bedroom English cottage that's small enough—1,800 square feet—to be occasionally described by agents as an Irish cottage. Built in 1910 of American Gothicisms, with resulting deep red velvet and natural oak. Oldest master gold in the high town in 1985, could have sold in the high threes in 1990, now coming in a bigger town. In Pelham and near to get \$249,000. Walk to everything. Annual taxes: \$7,000. Source: Ron De Santis Realtor, Pelham Manor.

## Next Stop, Pelham

**THE PLACE:** Thirty minutes to Grand Central—meaning no pretentious jabs on the subway sidewalk that leads from your front door to the train station. Pelham, New York, is more suburban than Brooklyn Heights, more urban than Chappaqua. It's the suburb for families who would for their money sit in the center of the universe without dropping off the face of the earth.

**MY LITTLE SUBURB:** Much of Pelham was built by developers in the 1920s and 1930s, but after three-quarters of a century, these Victorians, colonials, and Tudors have achieved a grace of antiquity that is very close to grace.

**THE PRESENT RANGE:** For a little more than \$200,000, you can get into a nice little three-bedroom townhouse. For a little less than

\$2 million, you can place yourself in a jumbo Tudor with a view of the Sound and a whole lot of land.

**THE BIG MISTAKE:** Because Pelham isn't big enough or shikier enough to have developed the brand-name recognition of, say, Scarsdale or Larchmont, prices here tend to be 10 to 15 percent lower. Most houses and most buyers fall into the \$200,000 to \$250,000 range. A four-bedroom colonial with six-plus quarters on a 100-by-30-foot lot was recently listed for \$225,000. A four-bedroom stone colonial "with a kitchen that was featured on the cover of *TVG* in 1984"

## EVERYTHING BASIC EVOLVES







INTRODUCING LEVI'S

LOOSE FITTING JEANS

© 1998 Levi Strauss & Co.







A LOOSE INTERPRETATION

OF THE ORIGINAL







## Introducing the Khaki Collection

DIRECT DESCENDANTS of the thousands of timepieces Hamilton made for the U.S. Armed Forces during World War II, the Khaki Collection re-creates a faded era—an era when appearance was essential, but endurance and performance were everything.

Rugged and good-looking. Exactly right for the way you live right now.



**Hamilton**  
1892-1992 U.S.A.

a division of **SWATCH LTD.**

MACY'S • BULLOCKS

## AMERICAN SCENE: DAVID FRANCE

### Was It Good for You, Too?



ACCORDING TO RESEARCH obtained from the Kinsey Institute, 38 percent of women's sexual fantasies involve multiple participants. So the imaginings of Madonna can't be faulted as tastelessly crowded aberrations. And unlike most wayward daydreams, which end by their very nature to be antierotic, hers will ultimately involve millions of participants, some of whom will even enjoy higher standards of living thanks to their involvement in her soon-to-be-unleashed mass media orgy.

In other words, there will be a trickle down.

One unlikely beneficiary of Madonna's fantasy life is Bill Cooke, a Miami photographer who stalked the star for days after reading a newspaper gossip item suggesting she was there to act out her sex fantasies for a mysterious book project Cooke started by pulling manuscript files in Miami-Beach there has become the fashion-show capital of America—to see if Madonna and crew had gotten outdoor permits. Zip. So he took a chance and focused his search on Key Biscayne and Coconut Grove, upscale and very private stretches of waterfront to the south. On Tuesday, February 29, he and his paparazzi colleagues drove small circles around these bays, "without any success or anything—nobody was talking us anything." He finally lurled out in midafternoon and turned his lens toward Key Biscayne, where he planned to read a book on the beach.

While passing through Coconut Grove, he spotted a hand-lettered sign hung over the edge of Miami Avenue announcing a nude, with an arrow pointing to a church of

people "Obscene New Yorkers," Cooke recalls. "They all wore black." He also saw a crowd of lights and reflectors inside the gate of an imposing historic brownstone mansion. On the lawn, Cooke spotted a nearly naked woman as he parked to get a better look. She was wearing black opera gloves and tall black heels and bobbed and coaxed out white-blond hair. The only other adornment was a thigh bikini bottom outlined with a fluffy white bunny tail. Makeup formed a canyoneer over her skin, making it plastic, Barbie-like.

Cooke poked a three-hand-red-millimeter lens through the compound's hedges and squeezed off eight shots, only half of them out of focus, grabbing the first

tangible proof that Madonna was indeed working on an erotic picture book, recording her sexual fantasies for eternity. A carpenter working on a house nearby also saw Madonna gabbling he pulled out the camera he happened to have with him and sold shots that ran in *Stem* and *Playboy*. Before long, other hooding pictures appeared. London's *Star* tabloid ran photos of Madonna on a beach wearing only a wig and lying the camera, squatting over the knee of supermodel Naomi Campbell, who was dressed in pumps and nail polish, and of Madonna in a fancy Victorian corset, her black robe open, while a nearly naked center-top named Big Daddy Kane—was standing behind her, cupping her breasts, and a completely naked Naomi Campbell snuggled her head in Madonna's lap. "Thank God those shots didn't show up right away," says Cooke, "or I wouldn't have gotten any play at all for mine." As it turned out, his



How Vanilla Ice, Steve Ross, and some guy named Angel ended up in Madonna's sex fantasies



pages were published around the world, and his first comic to "sell into the live 5 pages" is expected.

Part of Cooke's big payday came from *Janis Cade*, *National Enquirer's* editor in chief, who ran several photos, but with the word *consent* obscuring the racy bit. "We have money from and from readers," he says, "but I can only write mid- to high-end stuff. I'm just not of people."

"My feeling is that Madonna, whether she tries to or not, appears to have a policy. You don't want to know that. If it seems like it would be something else, I'm sure that if she were honest about it, she would show a similar amount of interest."

Another beneficiary of Madonna's presence in Miami was James Gray, the president of Business-Department men who owned the magazine, whose photographer Cooke befriended. "I have no comment," says Gray. "We have no comment on any of this." A few months after the photo shoot, Madonna bought the house for a reported \$4 million, about four times what Gray paid for it.

And that after dropping about \$200,000 on lodging in town. "She was here February 15, came on Valentine's Day and stayed for ten days," says Norma Boyner, the resort's senior manager at Miami's elite Alexander Hamilton. "She had other associates with her like Big Daddy Kane. And Isabella Rossellini, the case in a private jet, I think. And Madonna, she was an expensive guest." Boyner says Madonna booked the largest suite, made sure the other members of her party filled the remaining seven rooms on the second floor, which was added off from the main two-story resort.

The magazine included Campbell and Tatum Van Furmenberg, model and daughter of pop Prince. Pique and designer Dasey. "Vanilla Ice came by to pick her up a couple times," says Boyner, "but she didn't have much interest." The head of Madonna's pillow book eventually grew to include porn actor Jay Stevens, lesbian dance club like *Club Club* associate Julie Tolentino,

as Madonna dines Joe Montana and Luis Corrojo, and a guy named Angel. But no body wanted to talk much about it. Calls to Campbell, Rossellini, and her failed to produce any response. Big Daddy Kane's name is probably linked nearly a dozen calls for the rapper, who didn't return one.

Still, all reportedly did fun stuff. During the Miami photo session, Madonna and did Madonna face a pointed shot before he, who managed photos, some cameras, equipment, no doubt) to keep his focus up. Madonna, Van Furmenberg, and Campbell all posed standing still as someone in a paid, an Andean-style garden of human anatomy. The pictures taken in the low-angle, some cameras of New York have a different feel than the Miami Times—most, Maplethorpe took. And then Madonna took a few shots, taking from a balcony above, Madonna—dressed in a schoolgirl—was posed in the floor under a basketball net by two boys. A series of pictures was produced in the Gusty Theater at Times Square as all-time Madonna pose. Madonna smiled the entire space as well as the loyalty of the people to it. "We all agreed something was in the world's risk," says the manager, "everybody who was a witness in the shooting, whoever was here at the time."

Steven Meisel, the Condé Nast house photographer is the star of Madonna's modern day media business. Her children, born on the island. The book's look is being dictated by the graphic designer. It's from Rome. Lots of images, some of them by Boyer, who admits "I signed something, so I can't talk to you." Princeton, N.J.: one of the country's leading magazine artists, over saw the printing of the new body (both in her own uncut state). Gianni de Pizzi, who ruled the hair world in the 1970s, took charge of Madonna's hair look (some magazine ignored). All was coordinated under the eye of photographer stylist. Fred Corrojo, who says, "I would be speaking out of school if I said anything about it." Van Furmenberg, someone director at *SN* who was present during the Miami shoot, says, "Steven wants the look to really be real and really sexy. He likes the New York ones better, because of that—they're really dark and draggy." Corrojo, who calls the products of both locations "cute, not precious," disagrees. "I wouldn't say so

poor, which he prefers. I don't think there's much on either end."

Now forthcoming on the project is Warner Books publisher Nancy Newman. "It is Madonna herself writing, and she's obviously the principal subject in the pictures. I'm telling you, it's the book of the year," she declares. In the case of a publisher who entered a huge first printing, Newman says, "It's affordable, that's part of the price. Just under fifty dollars. It's a book that will have many interesting pieces to it—there's not a normal book. Like there will be various portraits on the pages, different kinds of rock papers. It's a piece of art, in fact. And it will have a CD single at it." Newman wants to say what she paid for the book portion of the now famous the million record, more book content than from her. "I'm sure that's not, personally, negotiated. I don't mean to say the meaning of the project," Newman says. "I want you to be personally satisfied."

At May's American Roadshow Association convention in Anaheim, California, where rumors surfaced that the book (reportedly sold for) would be released with a chain and look around it to discourage borrowing, Warner Books president Larry Rothman would say only this: "It's sexy and explicit, but without any sexual delusion, or discussion of the cross."

That was about, even the word of Jeff Rogan, who presided for merchandising at Waldenbooks. "We're very sensitive to the nature of the material as I think, in Warner," says the bookstore chain executive. "And I think that they and we will take it away—I won't even see pictures. We'll try to make sure our customers are as informed as they can be when they make the buying decision about having their book through the book in the store. Nobody will be allowed to do that, there will be no open copies, no display copies. Warner is making sure all that. So really, you won't know what you're getting all you get it home."

Madonna, of course, is the primary beneficiary of her luxury life, but that's keeping quiet on the project. Once however she confessed to a *British* magazine, "My second image is looking out there in front of me. I'm probably doing it. I'm a strong nymphomaniac, that I have an insatiable appetite, when the truth is, I'd rather read a book."

And here's the book. **B**

David France is the author of *Big Time*, the scandal, and the Death Book. Murder published by Warner Books.



# BOSS

## HUGO BOSS



*The Subaru SVX*

A sports car  
for both sides of  
your brain.  
The half that's  
seventeen,  
and the half  
that's retired and  
living in Miami.



**T**HERE YOU ARE,  
both of you, con-  
sidering a Subaru SVX.

The younger, more adven-  
turous you is taken aback by the Italian styling.  
And the SVX engine! A 6-cylinder, 230-  
horsepower monster capable of blasting from  
0 to 60 in just over 7 seconds. The wilder you  
also goes on about the alleged top speed of 140  
miles an hour and the fact the special window  
design allows you to drive in a rainstorm with  
the windows down without getting drenched.  
The windows down in a rainstorm without get-  
ting drenched, the crazy you shouts again.

And right then and there the conservative you,  
the joyless voice of reason, gets ready to negat-  
mend such reckless thoughts, but then you  
pause and think—Hey, this is a practical car.  
It's a Subaru, and that means reliable, depend-  
able transportation. Furthermore, the SVX has  
room for four *hecky* adults, and it comes with  
sensible All-Wheel Drive traction, 6-channel  
anti-lock brakes, a driver's-side air bag and a  
fully-independent suspension. Now both of  
you are smiling. Everything is beautiful. Until  
you're driving home. What to listen to on the  
optional 6-speaker CD player? Big band or  
heavy metal?

*Subaru SVX*



*Subaru. What to drive.*

©1993, Subaru of America, Inc.



“C’est une légende,  
le symbole de la  
mode française,  
l’homme de la modernité  
avec la vision du futur,

# **pierre cardin**

un créateur sans  
frontière, dynamique.”

Pierre Cardin.  
The mystique of France.  
The energy of America.







Charlie Simpson, a World Champion bull rider, has seen the underside of a few 1,500-pound bulls. Bulls have punctured his lungs, broke a hip, screamed, bit ribs, bit ankle, bit wrist, bit fingers, bit legs (four times), and shinned every bone in his face. Charlie says he always dreamed of being a cowboy. He's wearing a Timex watch with a genuine cowhide strap. It costs about \$30.

**TIMEX**

For the complete catalog call 1-800-563-0442

## LETTER FROM TOKYO: WALTER SHAPIRO

### Why the Kawai Dog Gets to Pee First



**B**Y THE END of my first month in Japan, I had learned to anticipate the question. It would be asked with studied casualness at the end of a long, boozey evening with a Western journal-

ist, often I would be standing by the doorway, putting on my shoes, brooding about whether a late night cab would deign to stop for a *gappu* (foreigner), when I would hear my host murmuring behind my left ear, "Now, you're not planning to write anything about Japan, are you?"

No matter how offensively the question was phrased, the words were as direct a challenge as a *Civil War* picket shouting at an indignant farm in the Shonan-dosh night: "Who goes there? Friend or foe?" The question represented a final effort to size me up—was I really what I seemed, a middle-aged yamatoe goofing around the fringes of Japanese popular culture while on a five-month fellowship? Or was I something more *tsundoku*, another aggressively overconfident American who would presume to opine about the true nature of modern Japan without learning the language, without enduring mind-numbing brevity at the foreign ministry, without serving the *andansu* apprenticeship to qualify as an Old Japan Hand?

Hey, guys, relax. We're dealing with Mr. Land-back here—no made *daifu*, no ponderous Zen recitations from Shapiro san. Western journalists in Japan—especially those like me who are there for a limited stay—usually go one of two routes: Policy Wonk (politics and trade) or *Aesthete* (the tea ceremony, extravagant displays of introspection, and the temples of Kyoto). Normally, I would have gravitated toward the door marked *tsundoku*. I could see myself striding Ross Perot-like



right into MITI, boldly brushing past a dozen horrified secretaries, and placing it directly to the ministry's head luncheon, "How come you folks are trying to sock it to us?" But before I left for Tokyo, a number of American experts warned me off. The danger was not that I would offend with my blunt questions, but rather that I would be "hurdled" to death by glib, English-speaking Japanese who specialize in soothing unruly Americans.

For as I was to discover, talking to Japanese officials about the big issues is as muzzling as ninth-grade civics class without the spinballs. Take my one interview with a big-name Japanese politician—former prime minister Yasuhiro Nakasone. About all I remember from the forty-five-minute audience in the long walk across Nakasone's dark, heavily draped office, a maze of hand-lobby furniture covered with antismokeers, the unconsciousness of the green tea, and the spookiness of the whole ritual. I talked too much, perhaps out of nervousness, as I sat unconfortably on the edge of my chair, staring at Nakasone's responsive face, his bespectacled ear, and (soul brother!) his Hermit's or I will spare you Nakasone's countenance, which I am saving for the "Great Men Who Have Ruled Me" section of my memoir. But afterward, the skilled diplomatic interpreter politely suggested that in Japan, I should not try to fill every silence with words (Oh, goody, next time Nakasone and I could just stare at each other for forty-five minutes, trying to hear the sound of one hand clapping).

I proved equally resistant to the blandishments of Japanese high culture. I discovered the futility to ceremony proceeds at the pace of Freudian analysis, and as

**Finding the shallow, maudlin soul of Japan in the jingles of its admen**



for being especially concerned by being beaten with sticks at some Zen meditation ceremony, just as they may fantasize being beaten in Hiroko the Whip Lady Suite, I too, could lapse into secret hysteria each time the endless parade of Kyoto (but Kyoto is not modern Japan: it's a theme park). In a nation where the true religion is shopping, overlooking an excellent example is

in misbehaving as a Japanese journalist in America, shopping New York for the special phenomena of Colonial Williamsburg.

But how could I, as an outsider delirious beneath the surface of this smaller non-political everyday Japan? My official nation was that if I were Japanese, with a very limited grasp of English (just enough to tell a New York editor, "This store is so plain," but not enough to finish one. "Hey, outside, the South Street is on the way to Rockefeller Center?") I would best be able to understand the diversity of America by hanging out with the marketing wizards and advertising executives on Madison Avenue. First of all, we are what we buy—and who knows that better than the people adept at telling us what we don't need?

Applying that same principle to Japan I wandered in park my Panasonic camcorder in the Gion district offices of the Denzoku Institute for Planning Studies, the research arm of the advertising agency that dominates the small island nation. In Michael Crichton terms, we're talking belly of the beast, the media manipulating American hand-dling center of Japan, but, for me, just peace. Denzoku was perfect. When I was looking for what a window into Japanese mass culture—the billboard slogans, the TV ads, the popular fads, the weekly dramas, the neon lights the Tokyo night—the baseball games, and the same matches—all the media gives and mental doses that define a people in this 1990s

by marginally less attention than they did before the "bubble" economy deflated. When Woody Allen showed the movie and allowed himself to be used in a Japanese ad campaign in 1981, it was in personally that year's Seibu slogan. Look for Townsend with *New Perspectives*. The excess of the bubble economy found its voice in the 1980 Seibu manner. I Want White.

**We're talking belly of the beast, the media-manipulating, American-handling center of Japan Inc.**

What? The visual image that went with that campaign was a photograph of two young actresses, their lips millimeters apart, just a hairbreadth away from a kiss. Even the choice for girl would in the ad was telling: these fourteen-year-old Kit Myrman (the namesake, but cultural antithesis of the current princess, empress, Kiiko Miyakawa), who last year shocked Japan by posing

nude for a coffee-table book of Stern. Pe photographs and then paraded her face this January into a starring role in a trendy drama loosely called (talk about positive feminist role models) *Tokyo Blues* Girl.

So it was fitting that my quest to understand the Japan of the 1990s began here at Seibu. Not at the mirror (Seibu's first order from the same was visual opening with the entire staff gazing the first wave of new seasons with floral bows, a Japanese department store is similar to an upscale American contemporary, except that the prices are a little higher and the store is less center. Rather what I found fascinating—about a Kamakura era for the Japanese psyche—was the Seibu slogan. Roughly translated from Japanese, it said: *What is lacking?* The slogan came from well-paid foreign admen—Shirley McLaine, such: "Your soul is lacking," and *To You Me* ("What is lacking"), and thus from the ordinary *Seiburoku* to the secret of Japanese life, were usually self-serving and predictable. But it is the question itself that resonates, that speaks to the cultural dilemma of Japanese life. For anyone Japanese who remembers the passion of the 1950s and the economic and cultural memory of the 1950s and early 1960s the national optimism—the international prestige—of today's Japan is almost beyond human ken. It took America forty years to go from the darkest days of the Depression to the comfortable affluence of *The Brady Bunch*. Japan has made an even greater leap in the past

ten years: the postwar baby boomers reached puberty. And yet, for all that outpouring of middle-class wealth, there is a nation that growing, expensive—something at least lacking.

I had a tentative theory about this open and void, namely, that there are no outlets for idealism in Japanese life. Politics is a rigged game: religion is mostly empty ritual and a salaryman's career consists of placid movement across a vast, open room from a back-row desk at a customer to-if he's really lucky—a private office or union chief. But I was also curious about what meaning Seibu itself found in this old yet excessive, ad campaign. Seibu Matsuo, the store's eighth-spoken president of Seibu Department Stores, gently tried to deconstruct that meaning. "People in Japan are quite satisfied, quite filled up with material goods (from sales)," he said. "The day had something lacking in their lives. The question is: What is lacking? What is goodness?" All fine words, all meant to be helpful, but somehow something was lacking.

Unlike in America, where the urge as doctor for a fashionable depression were like Seibu might be suburban working mothers in their midlives, the housewife shop attack troops of Tokyo are much younger and self-indulgent single. Their Office Ladies mostly live at home most free with their parents, so that more sales (sales more than the past equivalent of 100,000 a year) can go for clothes and foreign vacations. Their belief is *Shinsei* (four-year-old magazines that usually has a bag with a cover story entitled "How to Buy Chanel Deodorant," *Shinsei* Skins, the founding editor of *Shinsei* explained through an interpreter, "These girls, around twenty years old, are looking what their fathers did when they were growing up. Back then Japanese men would never go home straight from work. They'd be in Gion bars until around midnight, so the mother had to be the center of the family. Because the position of women in Japanese companies is still not high, those girls want to enjoy themselves. They want to do all the things their fathers did—play golf, take overseas trips, smoke cigarettes, and drink in Gion bars. But the difference is that they are spending their own money—not the company's."

One more theory of what is lacking, and I'll quit with the talking heads. Murko Fujimori, who runs the Hakobutsu Institute of Life in Living, is my nearest for the moment and most possible real analyst in

**S**HE IS TO TOWN'S TOWN: what Bloomingdale's was to New York during the 1950s, Seibu was the elite department store of the postwar generation. But the one pulling with energy, with the creative sense that defines the spirit of the company, not (forget that talk of decline, by the way) the Japanese are looking back about with out





Japan. In her early forties, Fujimori rubs a baby bonnet's soot for and a feminist's adoration over the superficiality of these Japanese women. "Today's young women feel like they have everything, but a certain substance is lacking. These experiences are very shallow." Her discussion how the twenty-five-year-olds in her office methodically plan their trips to Europe by thoroughly researching the right shops, restaurants and scenic attractions.

"There is a gap between doing every thing you think you should have done and actually feeling and experiencing something. It all comes down to experience. Life is not abstract but multifaceted. And if you need only one hundred experiences things turn the zero down inside you, you still end up with zero."

**M**Y AFFILIATION with Dorcas guaranteed me that whenever Japanese matters surfaced a private office overlooked my the China, far greater than any small window quarter in Time magazine back in New York. The week's photo coverage was extensive, and I began analyzing the cultural symbols exhibited in Japanese advertising with such intensity that it odd moments I actually heard my self humming the jingles for over the cassette Japanese melodies I fell in love with yesterday Japanese producers like Isoroku was a Saturday special based on only three called Ben Noriwa. The oil for it was classically simple: a typical barbers scene with young, attractive, almost masculine Japanese barbers proudly carrying barbers' beards with the product. The voice-over was equally direct: "This was made using wheat harvested this year. Ben Noriwa." But cultural matters which I am told are criticized by the few national TV networks—Japanese ads can never imply that their product is superior to the competition's. This Ben Noriwa commercial is about to appear as you can go in Japan, as it carries the subliminal message that a real hair like Suppore is made with wheat which that somehow was left over from the 1970s.

The creator of this Saturday oil Yutaka Hayashi, a top Dorcas commercial director, was eager to explain the difference between Japanese and American advertising. "In Japan the consumer relies on and trusts the company. But in the U.S. the consumer's tendency is to doubt the claims of the company." Even though Japanese society is or-

ganized as he like Chicago in the system—a tie, alliance, among corrupt politicians, big business and gangster—the almost complete absence of cynicism in the culture is astounding. This credulity stands toward all forms of media, even TV ads. As Hayashi put it, "The moral status of the commercial itself in Japan is far higher than in the U.S., sometimes even higher than the program itself."

A prime example was the singing commercial that Dorcas developed for Seiyun Sogun (a caffeine brand, meaning after the night before stimulation sold only in drugstores for up to you you almost as if, which took Japan by storm. The Sogun jingle was turned into a record that soared to number one on the pop charts. The visual image in the original spot of wear a series of quick cuts, faithful shots of a personified Japanese barbers seen as an airplane flying to America—opening up barbershops which is, of course, pushed with border of Japan and then he coming so energized that he boogie down the red ramp when he lands. The page is self-censorship, and a correspondent Japanese to create, not create.

Tokyo and like a role sign of change. Can you fight for money, but instead? Regent, Regent. Put me Regent on the battlefield. Why would the sign of change not be universal?

Can you fight as in the world? Ben Noriwa, Ben Noriwa, Ben Noriwa.

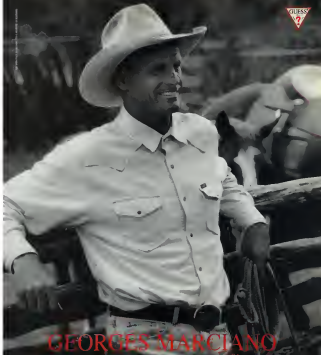
Okay, maybe the lyrics have a little something to criticize, but you get the idea in the latest version, which Hayashi directed, the Japanese adman is creating the world floating toward a small Pacific and in a distant corner and something across the frozen Arctic wastes, while the voice-over repeats the slogan: Regent. Regent. For You Work the Twenty Four Hours. The spot ends as a hair-raising race with the camera lovingly pursuing the face of the businessman's wife, wearing primarily at home, a sensible Japanese Prada. "No matter how much criticism we receive from Western countries," Hayashi said, "we are sympathetic to those who work hard."

**"The social status of the TV commercial itself in Japan is far higher than in the U.S., even higher than the program."**

The same theme of honorific of hard work can be found in a recent Dorcas campaign for the high-speed Shinkansen (what Americans call the bullet train). In the glossy magazine spot, a businessman is sitting on the train, reading his first visit to Tokyo as a young man aboard the Shinkansen. In his mind, he can hear his father's very Japanese advice: "You have decided to lead your life in a new town. Then, for the things and the people you are leaving behind, you have to achieve something that you can be proud of. Used then you are not allowed to come home. You should not be back until you have confidence in yourself!" Then the woman's voice breaks in to drive the point home: "There is the Shinkansen, which is even with people of courage on board. Fight, Regent."

This Fighting Spirit, as Americans have learned to so Dorcas can create in existence a paganism. In the hands of Japanese officials, it can also create a terrifying bureaucratic rigidity, as I discovered in my personal distress when it came time to renew my thirty-day visa. Waiting on the hard benches of the Japanese Immigration Department were the standard cut of the scratched of the earth, scarred-looking like those terrified Indian Gandhi, black Ghanian students, and my own subgroup: the erstwhile brigade, middle-aged men who somehow believe that religious values of Hayashi's silk represents international events from Japan being deported. All was going fine until the immigration clerk asked me whom I was interviewing during my proposed studies in Japan. Never one to react, name-dropping, I confidently replied, "Well, just the other week, I had a fine talk with former prime minister Nakasone."

Maybe I had it on a little too thick, all but implying that Nakasone and I were about to invent in California golf resorts together. Suddenly my bluff was called. My God, the hypercritical Japanese clerk was demanding to see Nakasone's name, those contemptuous Japanese credit that strangers in Japan immediately exchange on first introduction to establish social hierarchy. As I explained to the grand inquisitor there was only one problem: "People like





# PARLIAMENT

## Lights

THE  
PERFECT RECESS



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

LETTER FROM TOKIO WALTER SHAPIRO

*Malcolm don't give me this, they surely go outside." Unconvinced, the clerk insisted that I try through my neck hole (the phone and toilet where one symbolically uses all these useless pieces of cardboard) and demonstrate where I had been talking to. The most benign interpretation was that she was a hostile manifestation of the Japanese obsession with status—I had to be representing WHO to warrant a visit, damn it. The Japanese were calling.*

The local Thought Patrol was making sure that I was not talking to known hoaxes who might give the wrong impression of Japanese democracy.

In a panic, I threw on the summer every one I could grab from professors, advertising executives, interpreters, radio delivery men, and—the pièce de résistance—psychic parlor.

With an aura totally out of how the clerk fringed for a half-hour to converse with his superiors and interpret my intended life. As I worried I might myself be accused of Mafia Anjoan on leg room and imprisoned once the next JAL flight to the States where they would make me sit—surrounded by squalling babies and squabbling Japanese businessmen—in coach. The only fellow American, some elderly Mormon missionary couple, would be taking each other. "What did the awful-looking man do to deserve that?" he later told me. I was flummoxed by my puzzle. I would have just enough time to reply. "I forgot to tell Nakano's name card."

My wife was, however, even though I suspect that the immigration clerk would weasel for the fee that would prove that I was a fugitive BOJ loan officer.

SINCE I AM a happily married man, my thoughts into the sex lives of the Japanese was innocent but completely accurate. Japan is, in a word, the ultimate bare conduct with good sexual playground on President Bush, no less at AIDS, and every interpreter can credibly report to what his purpose means. "Honey, I was working late at the office."

Even though no Japanese girlfriend will deliver this story, I can hear of a tired two-week love affair with a trendy TV drama

called *Hot Women* (the opening title always appeared in English with Japanese subtitles) in the first episode, on the Big TV network, one beautiful doe-eyed beauty, Shoko, is a graduate student at Columbia University, passionately involved with a married Japanese loan officer who is temporarily in New York to purchase a hotel venture

holiday for his firm. In rapid succession, Shoko becomes pregnant; her lover commits suicide (not that Shoko is aware, but guess the simple shame was that he was the only Japanese businessman in town who failed to make an American acquisition); and our heroine with lightning speed returns to Japan with the resolve to keep the flame of her affair burning by becoming a land woman herself.

How did I love *Hot Women*? Let me count the ways. (1) Shoko always looks so vulnerable, yet sexy in the bright solid-colored blouses that are her trademark. (2) her sex life is like *Fanny Hill* meets *Loose Hula*. (3) she is, I believe, the first married mother on Japanese screen television. (4) the anxiety that Shoko breeds in her husband is so endearing to Japanese. (5) her scenes—detached, wistful, vulnerable—remind me of the real Queens hood drama—just happens, by chance, to be the widow of Shoko's New York lover, and (6) the wronged woman from Queens hotels even gets center stage with an aching (I kept looking for the rape) prime time monologue scene.

A man in the throes of passion, acts as a desperate man. Each week I would venture to invite another Japanese-speaking friend over to watch *Hot Women* with me and translate. In one episode, Shoko's son, Hajime, is in the hospital (seemingly because of maternal neglect), but *Hot Women* recalls the advances of a very cute and single doctor who wants to take care of both her and her child. No way. Dr. Hajime Shoko's style is to go after her married boss while we both know what I want come-on line like, "I have to go home so my empty apartment in the dark. I have to go home alone." Then there was the week that Shoko put for sport, her a brief fling (hang on, that got complicated and heavily Freudian) with her son Hajime's half

brother—that is, the teenage son of Mr. Can't Stay Home. Yoko blind and in touch from Queens hotels. But when the brother had teenage suicide (like father like son) Shoko is far too busy trying to take a conversation to her hotel so even more. That's what is enduring about Shoko. Cancer always comes first. How beautiful she is when she gets mad and screams in her boss. "Maybe you've given up the dream of overtaking Queens. But I haven't." No one on TV has combined sex and ambition like this since the heyday of *Dallas*. But the two cups were doing it for family, for good, for living. Oh Shoko is just a trendy five-year-old television with no rules in her company save blind, passionate, Japanese style loyalty.

I lost all peak over *Hot Women*. I even feigned an interview with Takayo Nakano, the screenwriter for the show, who arrived wearing a curly auburn and the air of a nervous wreck. I was a land woman myself. Shoko and her up high top beautiful husband. I was Nakano's prodigious success and married a mostly over-pressed by asking about the inspiration. "That was quite unusual for Japanese television," Nakano said proudly. Then I immediately squandered that little-dirty curiosity by asking why Shoko always wears the spring rain. Nakano turned on me as if I were Dr. Gargoyles, saying the set of *Hot Women*. "Shoko is more accurate than the average woman today who wears a man with what they call the three high—high income, high status, and high education (everyone knows that an unmarried doctor is good and a married man is wrong). But I wanted to challenge the view. Why can't you have a married man? For that matter, it could be completely free from the large making who you call the spring doctor." After that tongue-lashing, I felt like the ultimate uptight, greedy over-the-top Western monster who ought to be out slaving naked women rather than trying to match the worldly sophistication of the writer for *Hot Women*.

In truth, adultery in Japan is not only quickly accepted but rather trendy. A few years ago, commercial films were all the rage in TV box dramas like *Love Cop* is coyness and marriage—presumably part of a propaganda offensive to tell the postwar decline in the Japanese husband. An accurate Japanese angle faced, who has been involved with her sister of married man, complicated that television shows



Discover the Sauvignon Blanc from Ernest and Julio Gallo.

*We invite you to enjoy a wonderful accompaniment to grilled swordfish, our 1990 Sauvignon Blanc. Its crisp delicate taste enhances the fresh flavors of this dish.*



THE RESERVE CELLARS<sup>TM</sup>  
**Ernest & Julio Gallo**

*Reserve*  
**SAUVIGNON BLANC**  
OF CALIFORNIA

BY ERNEST & JULIO GALLO, VINEYARDERS



gins it wrong when it depicts entire offices casually jumping over one another's desks. The unspoken rule of solitary life, the captioned, is that you always hide the evidence from your work group. The most intriguing theory I heard on the subject came from Keiji Kawasaka (a *Dennis Haysen* who created a widely acclaimed series of music ads for j-three records), who argued that the sharp rise in the number of men and women playing around was triggered by sexual harassment and frustration. "J-shake begins to have affairs," he said, though an overstatement. "Because having affairs makes you feel less lost. In the past, you devoted your energy to working your way up in the company. But that changed with the bubble economy, when no matter how hard you worked, it became nearly impossible to afford a home. So affairs became a way of looking for some fun. Love affairs seemed to be good."

In spite of a most objective perspective on Japanese women, I watched (on closed-circuit television, with an interpreter) a *Dennis Haysen* group conducted for Christmas Eve. Most of the participants were married women in their thirties from Tokyo suburbs who worked part-time yet managed to spend as much as a million yen (about \$10,000) a year on clothes. As they chattered on, these women gave me a disconcerting glimpse into modern Japanese consumerism: a husband holds the reins while the men may have the big phis, but the women control the household bank accounts. Most Japanese husbands live on a tight allowance from their wives—my cousin gets a week (about \$10) for rent, fire, cigarettes, and monthly meals—which explains why you can get a great Japanese tempura lunch in the Canal for 1,000 yen but parts in the same restaurant might be inflated for business or, remaining at home, when the company picks up the check.

During the Haysen group, Miyoko from Yokohama confided to the moderator, "I go shopping for clothes weekly. If I bought a blouse yesterday and my husband's account is, I will have that I had it for years. I try to feel my husband—who does he know? When I get the bill for the blouse, I hide it." Then there was Nobuko from Kawasaki, whose entire life seems to revolve around joining on Christmas Eve somewhere for her daily pilgrimage to the local dining range. She was previously contemptuous of her husband, which may be wrong for having to share his household in typical

Japanese fashion, with his parents. "I buy all my husband's clothes," she declared between giggles. "I dress him up so if I were dressing up a doll."

**L**IST to their own devices, many Japanese husbands alter a rough night of drinking, dress themselves from vending machines, selling white shirts and clean underwear. Believe me, I know, after spending a Thursday night in a lower back (number six) at Capricorn in Nagoya.

I arrived during the midnight rush hour in Capricorn—the bar areas had just stopped running, and dozens of my fellow drunken revelers had prudently decided that it was better to spend the night in their cars than to spend for an expensive cab ride in the deserted suburbs only to face their wives. (A popular Panasonic commercial shows a happy husband suggesting home at midnight with a sly grin on his face to be greeted by his angry wife and small daughter such building Panasonic comforters for need for poverty every drunken grocer.)

As portrayed in America, cigarette hotels are supposed to illustrate how desperately cramped life in Japan is, where every married couple even get a half hotel room to themselves. In truth, cigarette hotels are not quite as a Japanese American institution—the overnight sleeper compartments on a train.

Since they are competing with taxis, cigarette hotels can charge a top rate of only around 5,000 yen per night (about \$100), which is why accommodations tend toward the minimalist. In the U.S. or Europe, all male hotels that cheap would become magnets for drugs and homosexual prostitution. Only in a country as homogeneous (Japan, the word is untranslatable) as Japan could a cigarette hotel work the way it is supposed to—as a halfway house for hangovers.

Like a first-time resident of Alameda prison, I carefully aped the rituals of my fellow inmates, borrowing my shoes and clothes in lockers and then dumping the ill-purposed hotel gear, new green pajama tops and matching shorts. Scoring dozens of men wandering around in the same ratty green tracksuit—playing electronic music, jogging, smoking cigarettes, sipping beer, chasing

from vending machines—only increased the impression that Japan is one enormous dormitory. After breaking my neck with a complimentary Capricorn treadmill (plaid Japanese crossroads international boundaries), I retired to my two-foot-high white collective bed chamber and pulled down the shade, which latches at the bottom. Hours later, in about four seconds I remembered the entire contents of my capsule. A TV mounted in the ceiling, with an eraser, a digital alarm clock, a light with a dimmer switch, a knob to regulate airflow, two immovably clean sheets, a blanket, and a lumpy Japanese pillow.

As I lay on my pillow, feeling surprisingly free of class, I noticed that the TV dial became a rugby test match (British versus New Zealand) and Japanese porn. Needless to say, rugby test—ever thought in a second comprehension of Japanese prohibitions, all public bar or porn flicks must be covered by a floating electronic artwork. The story line seemed to involve a fully dressed twenty-five-year-old man instructing a young girl on the intricacies of sex (part of an old version of an old video film, *The Black and How to Get It*). The featured performer, of course, was an attractive and usually submissive Japanese woman, who was comically aroused but did not seem to mind a bit when her partner would stop abruptly in midstroke for further instruction. Oddly enough, and interesting (Japanese TV was always unexciting, more than was the visible public bar). Unless there are a lot of closet rugby fans in Nagoya, I assume many of my fellow drunk storymen were watching the same performance. I wondered if some of them were quietly masturbating behind drawn shades or whether group norms ruled out this form of solitary teenage excitement. Judging from the rate of silence about the whole hotel, even for the occasional snore, I concluded that most of my counterparts were too happy to get to sleep.

**N**OW THAT I'M BACK in New York, I am self-writing with my complex and confused feelings about Japan. I will readily admit that there is still so much I don't understand, but I will never be out of

from sending machines—only increased the impression that Japan is one enormous dormitory. After breaking my neck with a complimentary Capricorn treadmill (plaid Japanese crossroads international boundaries), I retired to my two-foot-high white collective bed chamber and pulled down the shade, which latches at the bottom. Hours later, in about four seconds I remembered the entire contents of my capsule. A TV mounted in the ceiling, with an eraser, a digital alarm clock, a light with a dimmer switch, a knob to regulate airflow, two immovably clean sheets, a blanket, and a lumpy Japanese pillow.

# ÉGOÏSTE

FOR A MAN

WHO IS ÉGOÏSTE? ♦



ÉGOÏSTE

INTENSE. EMOTIONAL. IRRESISTIBLE.

A FRAGRANCE OUT OF THE ORDINARY  
FOR A MAN OUT OF THE ORDINARY



© 2007 CHANEL, INC. NEW YORK, NY

To experience  
ÉGOÏSTE  
wrap open ▶

PAULEN  
FOLEY'S  
HECHT'S

ÉGOÏSTE  
FOR A MAN



INTRODUCING OUR NEW NECKTIE COLLECTION

CHANEL

CHANEL BOUTIQUES NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, COSTA MESA, CHICAGO,  
SAN FRANCISCO, DALLAS, PALM BEACH, HONOLULU, WASHINGTON, DC



REVERSO  
AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1931

PURE ART DECO  
LINED ON IN THE  
UNIQUE 18K GOLD  
CASEWORK WHICH  
HAS BEEN  
HANDCRAFTED BY  
OUR SWISS  
MASTERS  
WATCHMAKERS  
FOR OVER 100 YEARS. A  
CHRONOMETER  
COLLECTIBLE FROM  
SINCE 1931 THE  
REVERSO IS OFTEN  
PRESENT  
AUCTION  
CONSIGNMENTS  
HAPPY TIMES THE  
ORIGINAL COST  
RECOVERED FOR THE  
OWNERSHIP OF  
CONNOISSEURS



REVERSO  
WATCHES HAVE  
INSPIRED THE  
DESIGNERS OF  
LUXURY WATCHES  
AND AN ELEGANT  
WATCHLET

Jaeger-LeCoultre

COVINGTON & SON, INC. 100 HUNTERDON AVE. BRIDGE TOWNSHIPS, PA 17005 717-834-2111. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: SEVENTH FLOOR  
HUNTERDON TOWNSHIP, PA 17005 717-834-2111. HUNTERDON TOWNSHIP, PA 17005 717-834-2111. HUNTERDON TOWNSHIP, PA 17005 717-834-2111.  
COVINGTON & SON, INC. 100 HUNTERDON AVE. BRIDGE TOWNSHIPS, PA 17005 717-834-2111. HUNTERDON TOWNSHIP, PA 17005 717-834-2111.  
COVINGTON & SON, INC. 100 HUNTERDON AVE. BRIDGE TOWNSHIPS, PA 17005 717-834-2111. HUNTERDON TOWNSHIP, PA 17005 717-834-2111.  
COVINGTON & SON, INC. 100 HUNTERDON AVE. BRIDGE TOWNSHIPS, PA 17005 717-834-2111. HUNTERDON TOWNSHIP, PA 17005 717-834-2111.  
COVINGTON & SON, INC. 100 HUNTERDON AVE. BRIDGE TOWNSHIPS, PA 17005 717-834-2111. HUNTERDON TOWNSHIP, PA 17005 717-834-2111.

FOR A LIST OF DEALERS IN YOUR AREA, PLEASE CONTACT: (800) 368-3688  
AT 1-800-368-3688 OR 717-834-2111, HUNTERDON, PA 17005

LETTER FROM TOKYO

those Japan experts smiling shyly while  
saying "We followed the Bull." But if there is  
a bottom line (and a seemingly obvious  
one) it is to be found in a truly amazing way  
by a Japan TV commercial. So let's dim the  
lights and turn a final act.

The camera establishes place: a lush  
green park on a sunny day. Seven Japanese  
men—standing in an orderly line, before a  
small concrete wall marked with the letters  
WC. The door is closed and you somehow  
sense that it has been that way for a very  
long time. The seven men begin hopping on  
one foot and then the other in the cross-out  
pattern of a desperate need to  
pee. Flash to the WC door—still closed! A  
small, very cute dog (those as the Japanese  
would call it) walks across the picture. Seven  
pairs of anxious eyes watch the dog as it  
simply lets its back pass and returns unad-  
visedly a pee. With resigned shrugs, seven  
Japanese men turn back to the WC door that  
will never open. They are hopping on one  
foot and then the other as the picture fades  
out. The logo of Fuji TV, one of Japan's  
biggest networks, briefly appears on the  
screen as the ad ends.

What does this all mean? Can you  
imagine ABC or Fox hyping an ad for  
socks with seven men desperate to urinate?  
What are the scenarios at work here? I do  
recall that ad with half a dozen Japanese  
commercial directors and marketing ex-  
perts. At once as I can tell the cabaretier  
message in this advertisement goes some-  
thing like this: We at Fuji TV know that  
because your traditions, because your  
Japanese identity, you would rarely like to  
break out of the social conventions that reg-  
ulate your life. We understand that the Be-  
cause you want to be in love and as natural as  
the dog in the park. We at Fuji TV also  
know why you can't break away from these  
shoulders. You're Japanese. We, too, are  
stagnant. But it lives in our programming we  
can reflect the audience longing for libera-  
tion from social pressure. We at Fuji TV  
speak to the Secret You.

For the Secret Department Store is  
right, something is indeed lacking to real-  
ize its producers as serious as consump-  
tion so easily manipulated by the symbols  
and synthetic emotions of a mass media cul-  
ture. The Japanese, as the Fuji TV ad suggests,  
are as much to be pined as feared. As far as  
bilingual Americans, there is a lot to be  
said for understanding, unconformity, and  
New York-style cynicism. **M**

AL CORNELIUS SMITH



GIANFRANCO  
FERRE

Designer  
Neville 1846, CA 270 North Davis Street  
Washington DC 20004 Designer IV





BYBLOS BOUQUINE, ERIK CHASE SON BOSS STUDIO CITY THEODORE LOS ANGELES

## THE RAW AND THE COOKED: JIM HARRISON

### Back Home

**D**ISTRAUGHT, I fled north with little more than a frozen wild pig's head in the cooler for nutrition. The distraught part left me, per usual, when I crossed the Mackinac Bridge into the Upper Peninsula, my querencia, as it were, the place where I feel safe and strong, perhaps noble and true, though those virtues became less important the moment I decided not to run for vice president of the United States.

Luckily the pig's head was accompanied by an extra set of jaws, a tongue, and a tail, as I intended to make headcheese from an old family recipe, a dish favored by stalwarts such as Mark Twain, J. P. Morgan, Ulysses S. Grant, Teddy Roosevelt, and Wild Whitman, though it was spurned by Lucille Ball, Anthony Bourdain, Martin Butler, and probably Gandhi (the jury is still out on the last). Culinary purists might question the tail, but there I use all the animal if I can, and what's more, I will do my own stunts. Strange to say, though, as the head, extra tongue, and jaws began to poach—not exactly a visual treat—orthodoxy swept over me like a heart-attack, and I couldn't drop the tail, which was reticulated like a joke made snail in the freezer to scare Moe or the little woman. I'd save the precious tail for a pot of beans and chilis, or perhaps leave it on a remote stump to puzzle a maven or a coyote.

The cabin hadn't weathered the winter very well. Among things that didn't work were the generator, the well, the pump, the lights, and the toilet. When the pump was fixed, the toilet blew out due to a frozen valve. It has always amazed that ice could break a pipe. Once in our barn back home I was lucky enough to be there on a cold night—twenty below zero—when it happened. Skraped flew as it went, reminding me of Vietnam, where I didn't appear, having been blinded in one eye in my youth. (The story on the blinding changes somewhat whenever the most recent being that I fell off a barn roof on an upturned railroad spike. Next week it could be Steve Doros's spleen head.)

Meanwhile, back in the cabin, so many things are happening that my head would spin if it could do Workman

speed around the property directed by my Finnish head, Eddy Heransson, who, because of recent cardiac surgery and heavy white frost, has requested a coffee soy-ai. This is a simple concoction favored by millions of Scandinavian: coffee, sugar, a couple of fingers of whiskey. Perhaps because of the early hour, this is not considered drink but medicine. These are stern folk, and you would be thought a toosop if you skipped the sugar and coffee. Rules are ancient and stringently observed, and one never hears the kind of modish, self-improvement chatter I had overheard a few weeks before in La Cibe Itaque—"I streamlined out my agenda, and now I feel good about myself." This Brie in the Cuisinart kind of language must tends to put me off my feed, and I was barely able to finish my real bedtime "ce cratie."

Despite three days in a dysfunctional cabin, I remained brown, sound, and serene while in former times I would have reached off the log walls I studied the cat, then the dove,

Further proof that there's just no substitute for homemade headcheese





cold water, as I made pork and beans with pork (a kind of garb), a coconut using a mixture taking the texture of graham (and a head of garb), and several squid with a head of garb. After I finished my work, which includes some hours of waiting in the work wasn't continue to tell me I read James Lee Burke novels, a more wonderful discovery, and James Willis is a more good French from my kitchen (Boston), which I also read as it was a novel, growing to be a more splendid plot twist, the movement from region to region in search of prey (a good read). Willis considers an unusual style of a writer with a depth of knowledge of French food that is all ways and no theories rather than to those of it.

It was quite a surprise making local cheese in a cabot, on the black. Bob Curry is renowned in here said of his surprising that it was the spending three months going through a car wash backward. My position wasn't quite that. Olegario, though they required a strength of character for he said anything Dan Gaylor has encountered in his office, as history or on the golf course while trying to defend Grand as God's will.

Since the cabot was finished I headed the cabot and head out onto the picnic table where I could share away the meat with every water. As I have implied, a poached pig head in the still light of a cold, windy day it was usually a crowd. At first I tried to do better myself by presenting I was a brown rat, but that act of imagination was nullified by the fact that while my pulchritude was and gray, the backs of my hands and the rest of me was getting cold. Curious about whether and asked for comfort. A brain surgeon doesn't normally work under these conditions, and almost never on a poached head in the interest of speed, my presence is more crude, rapping and moving to get at the poached meat with the pork, the meat surrounding the neck bones. I almost said the question of whether it was a girl or a boy pig, ended on a few moments and suggested a group of Nebraska farm girls going through the same thing during breakfast in the fall of my, saying, "You Can't Be True, Don't" or perhaps "A Spanish Carder" to the dead "Green Green the father."

I found the piglet was not so cold and began to cook down the heady broth, redolent of the swamp in north Florida where the creature had lived in cold life, swimming and roasting, shuffling under and succoring like a worm before a gibbeted them, feeding little runs from some knowledge contained in its genes, walking in an edge-billed pond to

cool off in the August heat. I put the head of broth outside in cool off before, and heated for the tavern to meet what politicians call the creature. It was a profitable evening, deciding as we did that the United States Congress and the creature's head must move to Japan. Missouri to remove their distance from the people and to their away their imperial people and grotesque privilege.

On the way home, on my two crick, I finished a young bear, and there was a flash of pain that the owner might have drunk my pig stock. Bear love pork, unattended that they are drawn relatives to the pig. The bear had failed to reach at times, and though it was all its midnight, I finished off the recipe, defacing the head, so moving from pig back to pig, adding herbs and a little sugar, doing the meat into a cream sauce, adding the head, and placing it in the cooler to set as my agent all by the light of a lantern lamp. I pour much felt like a prisoner as I added maple legs (long burning) to the fire and did off to sleep, knowing I was a person happily enclosed in a pen with an marble window on a shelter.

The wind shifted to the north, and the weather began to warm, just after dawn, now smelling of the beginning of rain rather than the raw clarity of Lake Superior. After my obligatory and dreamy natural I headed for the woods for my first real day off in months, driving to a favorite place some fifteen miles from the nearest people, where all day I wandered in spirit that man here looked like order to a god-like high above me. I wasn't a lot of things, but as I made a mental note to keep Henry Kraus as these creatures are (and a couple of quarts of cold water). During an after-dinner dear in a thick fall of birds, I passed to reflect on how these creatures are built in such a way as to appear rather ungainly when they move, but then what would Woody Woodpecker or the Road Runner and their cousin think if they watched one of our very oldest (the Chacoan Thomas never stop).

When I awoke, I was part of the ground that someday it will actually be a part of in a somewhat delirious form. There was suddenly the troubling idea voiced by Tom Robbins: "It is questionable, for that reason, whether success in an adequate response to life." I thought how much success is in the air

## A brain surgeon doesn't normally work under these conditions, and almost never on a poached head

ly released from their life-long affair with themselves in such a. As my New York Head closely observed what happens to these animals of the Famous Gary School, the permanent souls was my, for permanent deliverance. By order I mean my Billy Giv. Since I am Billy Giv, some permanent had to be taken, though I am not actually Giv, even like

an offense to mean for an off-brand football team, like the Kansas City Chiefs. I began to think, going to the doctor, the Madeline dream I had begun to devote the year before to avoid losing my professional activities in to my solitude. Included as what I had to give up when I crossed the Madeline bridge were being right, an incredible energy source, being right, the world together by thinking about it, and shadowing what I thought was my personality, a massive collection of misanthropy. The last was the hardest. Dignity notion of "no competing reality to suit the self." This is finally difficult, as indicated by our political life, where the effort has been given up.

This kind of thinking rarely raised my afternoon walls and I gave in to a swamp and my heavily marked work over the for every in which direction did answer call. A delicious-looking, somewhat rabbit seemed by followed a henlock and saw my leg red Toyota Land Cruiser in the distance. Of course it was, I thought, even like my misanthropy. And for myself, this is the worst I have been done. But then to matter how healthy and how life can be I had to believe what Billie said. "It is only in the run not of the extra that the heart learns to beat." It is a little difficult to find your wilderness in New York and Los Angeles, but that's what has to be done.

Back at the cabot as dusk I was a slant of my headache, made Chinese style mustard to accompany it and added, such as it to the table, with a heavy kind of Chamberlain's sour eye and a water-curtain glass of Valpurga (I allow myself only one glass of wine at dinner, as I make it count). Like the wolf, the headhunter was everything I hoped for without thinking about the end result.

**HOT TIPS** The Grilling Encyclopedia by A. Don Simon (Delacorte, \$14.95). Very solid, with a lot of fresh material.

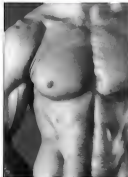
Jim Harrison is editor of *Parade* magazine. *Parade* is published by Glad Day Press.



COLE HAAN

WHEN IT'S FOR YOU.





# What Makes Us Better, Makes You Stronger.

**Well-Muscle Arms. A Defined Chest. Chiseled Abs. Powerful Legs. A Stronger Back.**

Add strength to every major muscle group in your body with the new advancement in strength training — **NordicFlex Gold**.

**NordicFlex Gold™ is 5 ways better than Soloflex®.**

1. **NordicFlex Gold** uses linear motion that better simulates free weights.
2. **NordicFlex Gold** features isokinetic resistance that better matches your natural strength curve.
3. **NordicFlex Gold** is faster to use than Soloflex®.
4. **NordicFlex Gold** has exclusive electronics to monitor your performance.
5. And best of all, **NordicFlex Gold** costs *1/3* less than Soloflex®.

Call today for a 30 day in-home trial!  
And build your superior body with the superior strength trainer.

**NORDIC FLEX Gold** by NordicTrack

**FREE VIDEO** and brochure **1-800-445-2360 EXT. 06KJ2**

or write: NordicTrack, Dept. #00KJ2, 148 Jonathan Boulevard North, Chaska, MN 55318



\*\*\*\*\*

## Esquire Reader Requests

September 1992

Check the appropriate boxes to receive free information directly from these advertisers.

- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Zetane, Inc.              | <input type="checkbox"/> 9. Goldfish                    | <input type="checkbox"/> 17. Quebec Tourism                         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2. Blue Stone                | <input type="checkbox"/> 10. Goss                       | <input type="checkbox"/> 18. Raymond Weil                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3. Ryker                     | <input type="checkbox"/> 11. Hamilton Watches           | <input type="checkbox"/> 19. ReUnion Museum                         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4. Camh                      | <input type="checkbox"/> 12. Hartman Luggage            | <input type="checkbox"/> 20. Seals 0001 by Ford                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5. De Sosa Mason JDO Jeweler | <input type="checkbox"/> 13. Levi's Dockers             | <input type="checkbox"/> 21. Tag Street Professional Sports Watches |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6. Delzer & Gobbins          | <input type="checkbox"/> 14. Metropolitan Museum of Art | <input type="checkbox"/> 22. V2 by Gianni Versace                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 7. Guadalupe Steel           | <input type="checkbox"/> 15. Nike                       | <input type="checkbox"/> 23. The Dress Shop Company                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8. Guava Venice              | <input type="checkbox"/> 16. Pierre Reo Tourism         |   |

### Please check the appropriate information:

1. Are you male or female?  

<input type="checkbox"/> Male	<input type="checkbox"/> Female
-------------------------------	---------------------------------
2. What is your age?  

<input type="checkbox"/> 18-24	<input type="checkbox"/> 40-49
<input type="checkbox"/> 25-29	<input type="checkbox"/> 50-59
<input type="checkbox"/> 30-39	<input type="checkbox"/> 60+
3. Are you single or married/separated?  

<input type="checkbox"/> Single	<input type="checkbox"/> Married
---------------------------------	----------------------------------
4. What is the highest level of education you have achieved or are?  

<input type="checkbox"/> Graduated High School	<input type="checkbox"/> Postgraduate Study
<input type="checkbox"/> Attended College	<input type="checkbox"/> Postgraduate Degree
<input type="checkbox"/> Graduated 4 year College	
5. My overall household income before taxes, from all household members, from all sources is:  

<input type="checkbox"/> \$A Under \$25,000	<input type="checkbox"/> \$D \$60,000-\$74,999
<input type="checkbox"/> \$B \$25,000-\$39,999	<input type="checkbox"/> \$E \$75,000-\$89,999
<input type="checkbox"/> \$C \$40,000-\$59,999	<input type="checkbox"/> \$F \$90,000 or more
6. What brands of casual pants (not jeans) do you own? (check all that apply)  

<input type="checkbox"/> A. Barco	<input type="checkbox"/> G. Huggo	<input type="checkbox"/> M. Sore
<input type="checkbox"/> B. Eagle Bay	<input type="checkbox"/> H. Jenson/Barndale	<input type="checkbox"/> N. Thompson
<input type="checkbox"/> C. Calum Khan	<input type="checkbox"/> I. John Henry	<input type="checkbox"/> O. Dinos
<input type="checkbox"/> D. Chabonne	<input type="checkbox"/> J. Levi's Dockers	
<input type="checkbox"/> E. Farnish	<input type="checkbox"/> K. Perry's	(Please write in)
<input type="checkbox"/> F. Gossens	<input type="checkbox"/> L. Polo	<input type="checkbox"/> P. Stone
7. What is your favorite brand of casual pants (not jeans)?  

<input type="checkbox"/> A. Barco	<input type="checkbox"/> G. Huggo	<input type="checkbox"/> M. Sore
<input type="checkbox"/> B. Eagle Bay	<input type="checkbox"/> H. Jenson/Barndale	<input type="checkbox"/> N. Thompson
<input type="checkbox"/> C. Calum Khan	<input type="checkbox"/> I. John Henry	<input type="checkbox"/> O. Dinos
<input type="checkbox"/> D. Chabonne	<input type="checkbox"/> J. Levi's Dockers	
<input type="checkbox"/> E. Farnish	<input type="checkbox"/> K. Perry's	(Please write in)
<input type="checkbox"/> F. Gossens	<input type="checkbox"/> L. Polo	<input type="checkbox"/> P. Stone
8. How many pairs of casual pants (not jeans) do you own? (check all that apply)  

<input type="checkbox"/> A. 1-5	<input type="checkbox"/> D. 13-15	<input type="checkbox"/> G. 23 or more
<input type="checkbox"/> B. 6-8	<input type="checkbox"/> E. 16-18	<input type="checkbox"/> H. More
<input type="checkbox"/> C. 9-12	<input type="checkbox"/> F. 19-22	
9. What brands of casual shirts or sportswear (not tailored) do you own? (check all that apply)  

<input type="checkbox"/> A. Alexander John	<input type="checkbox"/> G. Gossens	<input type="checkbox"/> P. Polo/Edgar Lacroix
<input type="checkbox"/> B. Eagle Bay	<input type="checkbox"/> H. The Gap	<input type="checkbox"/> Q. Tommy Hilgert
<input type="checkbox"/> C. Chabonne	<input type="checkbox"/> I. Goss	<input type="checkbox"/> R. ReUnion
<input type="checkbox"/> D. Chabonne Lacroix	<input type="checkbox"/> K. Perry's/Conrad	<input type="checkbox"/> S. Van Housen/17
<input type="checkbox"/> E. Chabonne	<input type="checkbox"/> L. Judd's Coat	<input type="checkbox"/> T. Other
<input type="checkbox"/> F. Core Cook	<input type="checkbox"/> M. Levi's Dockers	<input type="checkbox"/> U. Stone
<input type="checkbox"/> G. Goss	<input type="checkbox"/> N. Huggo	
10. How many casual shirts or sportswear (not tailored) do you own? or gifts in the past year?  

<input type="checkbox"/> A. 1-5	<input type="checkbox"/> D. 7-10	<input type="checkbox"/> G. More
<input type="checkbox"/> B. 6-8	<input type="checkbox"/> E. More than 10	
11. How many pairs of casual pants (not jeans) did you receive as gifts in the past year?  

<input type="checkbox"/> A. 1-5	<input type="checkbox"/> D. 7-10	<input type="checkbox"/> G. More
<input type="checkbox"/> B. 6-8	<input type="checkbox"/> E. More than 10	
12. How much did you spend on clothing (not including shoes) for yourself in the past year?  

<input type="checkbox"/> A. Less than \$200	<input type="checkbox"/> D. \$1,000-\$1,499	<input type="checkbox"/> G. \$2,000-\$2,499
<input type="checkbox"/> B. \$200-\$299	<input type="checkbox"/> E. \$1,500-\$1,999	<input type="checkbox"/> H. \$2,500 or more

Once you have completed the information, please send this entire form to:  
EQ25RE, Reader Service Program, P.O. Box 12410, Rochester, NY 14602

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 City: \_\_\_\_\_  
 State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Expires: November 1, 1992

September 1992



# GIANNI VERSACE

C O U T U R E

VERSACE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF VERSACE S.p.A. MADE IN ITALY

## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY: STANLEY BING

### Doin' the Other Thing

**A**MAZING NEWS came from the education front the other day when it was announced that Benno Schmidt, formerly grand vizier of Yale University and possibly the coolest guy on the college scene, had resigned his august post to become chief executive officer of the Edison Project, Chris Whittle's \$5 billion attempt to privatize public education much in the same way the Detroit Public Department was privatized in the motion picture *Reboop*, hopefully to better end.

Why would Schmidt, I asked myself, relocate from New Haven to Knoxville, Tennessee, leaving a position with the highest respect per dollar in the industrial/education complex for a career move that could end in over a hundred million dollars down the line? Of course, there was the enormous sum of money involved, but that couldn't be the only reason. Then it hit me.

The guy was ready to do ... the Other Thing.

My friend Morgensdream dreams of establishing his own crusading law firm while preparing briefs for the district attorney's office. My buddy Lester dreams to own a small stable of six or seven radio stations instead of mauling on corporate spreadsheets all day long. Natty wants to write screenplays, six or seven of which he already has assembled in the bottom drawer of his desk. Borg wants to be a city selectman, a post that carries very little power and would cost him about eight grand a year. I have my dream, too: dreams of freedom, fame, and incalculable wealth and the change of view that enormous money, meaningless in itself of course, can buy.

How about you? Are you ready to embrace life beyond Third World culture production (which may mitigate all other means to maximal success), it's the big ques-

tion as we hurtle in on the coming century, in which we will die. What's it going to be? A trip to Titan like Caspar? A run for the presidency like Ross? Life on the prairie with a cowboy hat and lasso like Tilden? Take the leap. I'll be as right along after you. Honest.

If we're going to be successful at this spiritual sea change, however, we can't just go thundering off into the unknownly trumpeting and looking up dust. Where should we begin?

Maybe we could join the circus. I did that once for two weeks back in 1979. A circus came to town, and at that time I was for a living, at least part of the time. The Other Thing I did was drive a cab. I don't recommend that as a good Other Thing, though, or even a primary one. My first day on the highway, for example, my cab's hood kept flying up and obscuring my vision at sixty miles per hour. We had to pull over, and my fire melted.

A Patriots game. He was mad, and I didn't get a tip. I barely got back to town in time to put on my tax and take for the opening circus parade, which included one elephant, two tigers, eight clowns, some lions, and a fire-eater who doubled as the tightrope walker. I was the ringmaster and sang "Be a Clown." It was in a place called the Boston Arena, an entertainment, notorious place that worked with the sensory ghosts of failed show-business acts and sporting teams. At one show, we had eighty audience members. One of them had a cough. I remember. Most of the people I worked with were on leave from the big circus, which was on a break. That was their primary thing, is what I'm saying, and they loved it. But I don't think it's any Other Thing, either.

Perhaps the specific job itself is not a great place to start. Let's go for location. Location location location, right? Right?



There are plenty of options. . . . Now, if I could only think of one





THE  
DESIGNER  
THE  
VISION  
THE  
WATCHES

John Handey  
designs for  
Alfex of Switzerland  
individually  
hand-crafted  
in 925 sterling silver  
Swiss quartz move-  
ment Crocodile strap  
\$696

NEIMAN MARCUS  
ZINA'S  
STERLING SILVER  
or call 1-800-23-SWISS

## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY STANLEY BING

I'm living in the country, that goes with our house, because this city/ suburbia cloud repressed her genes and it's not fair to me and someone and the sense of natural things missing ideas and someone miss the great beyond. I was in the country a lot when I was younger, and it was great. Can succeed. I remember gas stations. And money, money birds. People dress more informally than they do when I am required to labor. No one wears a tie. They wear rustic clothing and bear a tremendous sense of

anger. He remembers time. The look of people who don't get to go back for the best part of the early afternoon and call a business, people who worry about things like whether it will rain or when the local factory will be shut down by people like me.

Our life will be different, though, and that's the point. I will rise in the morning and take a beautiful shower while the last men are working out. I'll shuffle down stairs to sit at the kitchen table for a few minutes, wondering what my friends are doing back in the city. There are some chores to do around the house so I do them. Right now, I'm just pointing out, I would rather have a fifteen-minute light work my wife than do a thirty-second shower, but by then, I'll be different because I'll have some doing the Other Thing. I'll have made a choice that completely alters the way and what of my mission, for the better or for my own. I'll head of walk around before I get to work. I will be very quiet, like, the only sound will be the electric clock and mail.

No.  
But look at it this way: I'll be out of here. I'll be working too, of course. Because I love it, I'm not looking for any money like my friend's business, who went to Los Angeles to work for TV and is now apparently paid for not working much in the same way. My friend went to keep their little fellow in the open. Come to think of it, why not? I can down up any number of unpredictable projects, and I love L.A. I was there too long in the Four Seasons hotel where life was unbelievable. Photos by the pool. Great food. An amazingly amazing bar with magnificently superb people marching through all day long! Did you know that there is a sign outside that hotel that tells you there are submarines in the building that may cause birth defects? It's a conspiracy extended to guests, that knowledge. When a very pretty color the fern were coming closer, and the smoke made your eyes feel bad of friend the telephone went out, and my friend

Schmiedel was called by the establishment as a source for his coffee phone had been arrested for her best that something.

But... who would the thing there at night? There's a lot of money in L.A. But anyone who can't live in a mansion, but I don't want a job. The Other Thing is not a job. It's a life.

Dad! How about dad? I could be doing my dad in L.A. That sounds good. Except, nobody's doing deals now who doesn't have a 50 million in equity to play with, and I don't. I point I could get a post that probably has and points towards behavior that's impossible, but I hear nobody who's a bear is allowed to drink at lunch. He lives in the free town, people are surprisingly smoking up the level of possible chess at noon, and I've got the sensation that a moving law you may still be possible before the financial devastation of the upcoming century dawn in. Not in L.A. There's simply too much money around for people to tolerate any greater loss of personal control. I don't like that. Also, I don't like hangovers. Pagan is.

Before the state should be where you do your Other Thing, but what Other Thing it is you do. You've got to feel absolutely right about it or it doesn't qualify. In that regard, I've got a very narrow portfolio.

I could get another job doing exactly the same thing I'm doing now in another corporation, perhaps in another city, one where people ride bicycles to work and go to company barbecues on the weekend, spending my entire family in order to earn less money in a venue totally off the beaten track.

No.  
But what? Maybe the state made it a thing. Why not check it all and get a job as a low-level word processor at a giant firm for six or seven years, wear pantsy and find my garden, ride my ambitious muscle world of love all some substance and my vision of the future gets smaller more time more transients, and perfect in minutes? What a revealing development!

I could be a successful graphic artist. Except I can't draw.

I could open a restaurant, selling nothing but potatoes and noodles and frozen, so, not food product? Except it would fail. I could open a giant kiosk and broadcast somewhere in the brown things for the fact that it's wanted to see managers in the morning. I'd stay in business and let someone else pay me for the indignity.

I could run a small farm somewhere like my friend Pagan. He has a tractor and everything, but I think for some reason I would

## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY STANLEY BING

end up dead frozen in a well or something, if I tried to do anything too slowly about it, my experience.

Let's get serious. I could be a banking consultant, giving me at least credit in the open marketplace. Why not? I'm literally what people like me do when they're first, tired, or too tired to continue on the required track. I run into a former colleague. For the other day in the hours of the moment, where somebody must have been buying her an individual pea pizza for \$9.95. "Hi!" she said. "Are you guys out there any PK world these days?" But before I even told her I was I was doing for, goodness' sake. And then there's this my friend.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

Mike's gone now. It happened last week. We joined the corporation almost together more now ago than I can remember. He was busy doing from the plankton level on one part of our final chess while I was fast tracking up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't mean him for it. At one point we were collaborating on our own time on that most fruitful of Other Things, a certain piece that was a great idea. I had a great idea, so we eventually dropped it.

We were very close then. Someone about 1981, Mike moved by me? A bottle of blood champagne in a mirrored locker. The kind of Christmas present we used to get from our parents' wedding on a penny match month by month. "Was it open to when we have something to celebrate?" I suggested. He agreed.

About three months ago I heard a rumor that Mike was leaving to start his own company. I couldn't believe it. I dropped by his office to ask about it, and he seemed a bit distant, cagey. I left quite clearly that he spent some time in an imaginary office that was even him being on up in the central chambers of his mind. He had a bad day. It was possible that Mike all of us in this place whether we want it or not, and was even then, as we spoke, drifting out to sea.

Last Thursday we drink the champagne, and I couldn't help it. We'll see each other soon, I know. He'll only be in New Jersey. And yet... I think to himself said.

"You see that window?" he asked us, as we shared our last communal beverage together. He pointed at the night by four-story glass plate pane that separated us from the other four hundred feet above the psychic who

was sitting on the pavement below. A Bible in his hand. I feel like I'm about to leap through that glass into the open world. And I can't wait."

For a moment, the drink caught in my gullet. The image of my friend leaping himself through the window into the other hand of caught me up about I guess. On the one hand it was kind of an appealing image. He was after all, outside, flying with the eagles up above where the fumes and heat of the city could not reach him. On the other hand, he was first handed! But above the street, and the last time I looked, consultants did not have wings.

And I thought, if I see you, Mike, I will I could say I'm coming with you soon but I don't think that would be either useful or accurate. One day, perhaps. I will find that Other Thing that is exactly right for me. In all of this, I think I want your job, your rules, and your salary.

More of the state doing may not be the best thing. But it's something. H

Stanley Bing is the author of *Four Hours and a Counting Clock* and *the magazine*.

**NICKS. NICKS. NICKS. NIX.**

INTRODUCING NEW EDGE GEL EXTRA PROTECTION FORMULA. With more Nicotin-reducing Aluminates, it protects you from nicks and cuts before they form. For a closer, smoother shave, it's just in the nick of time.

**ULTIMATE CLOSENESS. ULTIMATE COMFORT. THAT'S THE EDGE.**



I intended to write you a 14-line sonnet.

But the words kept getting in the way.

For birthdays. For special days. Forever. A diamond is forever.

Diamond designs like this are available from \$1,000 to \$5,000. Suggested price of piece shown (enlarged for detail) is \$3,000. Call 1-800-621-5154.

## THE SPORTING LIFE: MIKE LUPICA

Gooooo Morning, Cooperstown!



The host sure knows what he is talking about. His name is Peter Edward Rose.

THE CALLER'S NAME WAS John, and like most everyone else, he wanted to talk about Steve Howe, the hot topic on sports call-in shows that day. Howe, a Yankee relief pitcher, had been suspended from baseball that afternoon for the seventh and, as it turned out, final time for attempting to purchase cocaine. People were talking about him on WFAN in New York and KMPC in Los Angeles and WEEI in Boston and WIP in Philadelphia and WTEN in Washington, D.C. Everybody has a theory about what's doing the most damage to the score. I think you have to start with Vinny, from Boylston, Ogden, or Santa Rosa, California, or Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, the guys who call just to say how stupid Howe was for blowing his career once again.

John was taking the hard line, too, arguing that Howe deserved whatever punishment baseball commissioner Fay Vincent wanted to give him. "There shouldn't be no more chances for that guy," he said. "Shouldn't even feel sorry for him. You don't get that many chances in life."

"What if he has an addiction and he can't help himself?" the host on WJMO in West Palm Beach, Florida, asked him. "I mean don't you have any compassion for someone who has a problem?"

"But even times?" John said. "Well, it doesn't matter," said the host. "The man has a problem."

HE SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE trying to be Ty Cobb and ended up as "Stoless" Joe Jackson. Now, at the age of fifty, at the very top of baseball's permanent ineligible list, and named from the Hall of Fame as irrevocably as if he were Honus Clarke, Pete Rose is looking at a whole different kind of hit. He wants to be Don Lusk, Larry King, and Rush Limbaugh rolled into one microphone. "I want to have the number-one talk show in the country," he says.

For twenty-five years, whether you liked him or not, Rose was one of the best interviewers in sports. He was always right there as a crowd of reporters, a bat in his hands, talking about the Big Red Machine, his latest hitting streak, or Ty Cobb's record. He was always throwing old statistics at you, or inserting new ones, like the time he announced that he had played in more winning games than any player in history. Until charges of gambling surfaced. Then a zipper appeared on Rose's lips, and the clubhouse door got slammed in his face.

Before long, there were grown dogs slapping behind him because of anonymous evasion. Rose did his time and wanted for a new door to open. Behind it, he discovered a stadium in West Palm Beach where he and cohort



Jerry Gross work five nights a week, 6 to 10 p.m. Their show, *Talk Sports with Pete Rose*, is broadcast on numerous radio stations in Florida, WABC in New York City, and WSAI in Cincinnati. Just six months old, the program has brought calls from syndicators all over the country, and there is already talk of expanding westward to Chicago, Los Angeles, Oakland, and San Diego.

"If there's one thing that drives the show, it's my knowledge of all sports," Rose says. He has interviewed Bob Knight and Bud Auerbach and Angelo Dundee and John Wooden and





JOHN C. COOPER



the hikers

off-road durability, left-

coast style perfect for the rigors of the urban landscape.



street hikers

style



At McGuire and Bobby Bowden. Stock car races, basketballs, and sports union leaders. He once asked Charlie Eassey, "If you're the ruler of the god, does that mean I was the lord of the Yon?"

Coburn Gross is nothing but delighted at the way Rose has stepped up to the plate. "More than that," he says, "I've been amazed at his lack of business."

"Who about the Rose-Rose deal?" Rose asks Gross as they begin their coverage program. "He's been suspended indefinitely, is that the word?"

"The guy is a seven-time loser, Pete," Gross says. "That's incredible."

"His name ought to be Tom, but a guy more loose than a cat," Rose says.

"This guy should have been gone six changes ago."

In baseball, you can keep coming back after drugs. Coming in, Ty Vincent's words and the words of all baseball commentators before him is "the capital crime." If you're guilty, there's no reason you're beginning the season at all.

In August of 1993, Rose wrote his name on a piece of paper and signed away his baseball life. This commissioner Ken Gammon and Rose broke the sport's cardinal rule—he had no baseball while managing the Cincinnati Reds. This agreement Rose signed had ambiguous language, neither allowing nor denying Gammon's charge. Either way, he was handed the death sentence, the next year "Sheldon" has his name inscribed for the Black Sox scandal of 1919.

"I did not bet on baseball. I did not bet on the Reds," Rose says to this day. "I've admitted I bet on baseball and football. But not on baseball."

Does Rose still gamble?

Tom let he do.

He went to the Kentucky Derby this year. "I'm not going to tell you I didn't place a bet," he said. "I just didn't go to the window."

He tried to make that distinction sound important. Then he told me that he doesn't bet, he legally anymore. He struggled to find the right words to explain, saying finally that he had to be "cautious" so a man wasn't go off.

I asked him about therapy. "I confided with a doctor once a month," Rose said. "I think it's necessary."

Let your a commentary of failed starts declared that no players on the schedule but can be placed on the Hall of Fame ball is a cardinal rule. The Hall of Fame ball is the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. It is the place where the best players in history are

honored. There are players there now for crimes and characters desecrated and, in the case of Ty Cobb, the Georgia Peach, the last of last-month, guarantee who would want for you outside the parking lot if he didn't get in. Drive his spirit through your Athletics team during the game. Perusing the Hall from Pete Rose is a laugh. Whatever you think about gambling, I do not believe you can keep a guy like out of there forever.

How often does the Hall of Fame question come up?

"Every day of my life," Rose says. "In fact, we had to figure out a way to deal with it on the show so we didn't have callers taking up time calling me. I thought, 'The Hall. Finally, a caller told anyone who thought I should be it should just say "Thanks up."

Then you hear someone that because the code word of course, everywhere I go now, people say "Thanks up."

The last a hour in Rose's life, a wife of eight years, and as much as he can fit in when he's not teaching his seven-year-old son, Luke.

Long time. Life may no longer be a fast fast ride into third, but it's not as if Rose doesn't still bring out a crowd. He was in Denver the first on the road for one of the season's first shows, but at least. Driving up to the parking lot, he saw only two cars and he worried that it had finally happened.

That people no longer wanted Charlie Rose's program. But he was wrong. He moved the corner into another parking lot and found plenty of people waiting for him.

"Looked up all the way around the block," he says. "New baseball people, say."

There's always been good with numbers.

**I**F YOU WANT a sports column for a living, you can go out call a day from producers of call on shows. The hours like to have guests to break up the commentators with the Vinsons, guests who do not sound as if they are about to jump off a bridge he went another half hour through Ken. Suddenly, he's a really decent player when these producers call that there's no passing up the chance to talk with a guy like in the big league.

Before we went on the air, I asked Pete Rose how much he missed baseball.

"I'm fifty years old," he said. "I can't play anymore, and I'm not interested in managing. That's the truth. But I bet you I watch more baseball than anyone, better to more baseball, follow it more closely than any fan. I'm the king of ESPN."

I asked him about retirement. That might as well be his last name. That's the word Pete Rose goes by. (If he doesn't get in, instead, he doesn't get into the Hall of Fame. "I'm not worried about it," he said.)

That is impossible to believe. The man spent twenty-five years going a baseball uniform sleep, and then while he was wandering dead, someone took away some plans. How could he just about?

"I'm telling you, at this point in my life, I'm worried more about making this show as big as it can be," Rose said.

I told him what Gross had to say about his lack of business.

"It's down the road, I do apply for management," Rose said. "It's going to help."

If I ran around bad something Ray Vincent at last? I've got news for you. It's not Ray's fault what happened to me. It wasn't Ray's fault, what it was my fault. I did wrong. If I'm going to be better, I'd have to be better at myself. And the world's a hard thing."

Right now, the best way to find in Talk Sport with Pete Rose. It's a few minutes after

6:30 and Charlie Eassey is sitting on the air with Jerry Gross. They talk about the NBA, football, and Cal Ripken's coming closer to million than the Orioles. Then, in one way or another, it must, the subject goes around to retirement—the one, in the name of Steve Hovet.

Rose turns the microphone over to me. I tell his listeners that the commissioner had no choice but to suspend Rose and that it is impossible to understand the depth of someone who's a disaster. I tell them how the player in this case had pedaled himself up again and again, and even if you don't approve of the player—the skeleton—you have to not for someone who keeps getting up.

I might as well have been talking about Pete Rose. ■

Mike Lupica is a working on a novel, to be published next year by Viking Books.





## HAWAII?



NO.

With 150 white sand beaches blossoms and fruit in abundance high tropical rain forests, constant trade winds and an average year round temperature of 78 degrees, no wonder you thought this was an island paradise. It is. Only this one also has 16th century forts and sunken pirate ships among reefs and miles of coral reef, romantic night life plus seeing the sights by day and a history that long preceded Columbus. Oh, and this island paradise lies right in your own turquoise Caribbean. Hawaii. Eat your heart out.

DISCOVER THE NEW OLD WORLD.  
PUERTO RICO.



The Shining Star of The Caribbean®

For a free color brochure call 1-800-866-5746. Ext. 35092

See Reader Service on pg. 121

## WOMEN: TRACY YOUNG

### A Few (More) Words About Breasts



**T**WENTY YEARS AGO, Esquire published an article by Nora Ephron called "A Few Words About Breasts," which caused a sensation, in part because it struck out like a sore thumb—a women's magazine piece in a men's magazine—and in part because Ephron had positioned herself squarely at odds with the culture: a smart, successful woman—a feminist of sorts—confessing that her small breasts are her biggest hang-up and that her life would have been totally different had she been otherwise endowed. Clever girl, this Nora.

If you read the piece today, what strikes you is how well it works both as a nostalgic artifact and as an uncanny prediction of where we've ended up. In 1993, a smart, successful, flat-chested feminist of sorts feels exactly the way Ephron did twenty years ago—only by now she's had implants. Clever girl, that Jane Fonda.

Given this confusion of aesthetics and politics, what's different between then and now? When you purchase new parts, does the body become a personal statement—or a fashion statement, with breasts an accessory after the fact? Breasts are only part of the story.

In the *New York Times* last winter, there was an article about the gender certification of female athletes, a practice that originated twenty-five years ago, purportedly to weed out impostors. (Blame it on the eunuchs, at that time only one man had ever admitted to passing: Hermann Arjens, who said the Nazis forced him to enter the 1936 Olympic high jump for women, where he placed fourth.) But even more disturbing than poor sponsorship was the possibility of a superior female athlete—so much so that both sports directors and the athletes themselves felt compelled to prove that the latter were "real women."

And what exactly determined a real woman? In 1968, female athletes paraded nude past a panel of doctors in some black-comedy version of a beauty pageant; by the end of the decade, many athletic federations, including the International Olympic Committee, had begun using the XX chromosome test. Since then, at every Olympic competition two or three women have failed the test, and



Why anatomy is no longer destiny, and other things I want to get off my chest

status of other athletes have been hampered by laboratory errors. Recently, and this was the occasion of the *Times* piece, a medical consensus of the International Athletics Federation recommended that officials abandon the genetic tests and simply look at the athletes' genitalia.

A recommendation, the *Times* noted without irony, that touches on "the essence of human identity, asserting that gender is more a matter of external appearance than a matter of genes or chromosomes." Have we come back to the future, to Ephron's feminist fifties, when gender was circumscribed by a rigid set of rules? When anyone could tell who was male and who was female by how they threw a ball or looked at the sides of their shorts or—and this will date you for sure—how they held a cigarette. When gender was the deciding factor, but unspeakable. At the very least, terrible. In police company a girl had breasts.

Me—I had hair. Long, fine, strawberry-blond hair—like the Breck-Shampoo girl. Usually cut in a medium

















DOLCE & GABBANA



Esquire

# DEAD BLACK MEN

and



OTHER FALLOUT FROM  
THE AMERICAN DREAM



By John Edgar Wideman

After the looting and the killing and the hurting  
of Los Angeles, it may at long last have come  
down to a simple choice: equality or anarchy











When the integral views concerning the violence of racism reading from the double-columned, wide-roled line, black/mix/you-then look lingering the violence that permeate whole ones in fear? Were there voices promising to stop violence with violence attempting to close the racial divide in preparing us to plunge deeper into the chaos?

## When Fear Pitches a Tent

I stay in Los Angeles four days, accumulating a notebook full of impressions, two tapes of voices, pounds of newspapers, a frustrating sense of inadequacy as the media put a lid on the pot they've

been furiously stirring, begin closing down the story, diffusing the meaning in one-bounce instant judgments that cut out and preclude, reflecting the meaning of what's happened into formulaic clichés that are the language of television. Insulating, telling the story of a disease but never admitting, as it always actually follows the pattern the disease uproot upon itself, of leaving L. A. is justified because something with a beginning, middle, and end has run its course. Leaving L. A. is if there's a reason other than the reader's own tasteless need to fill time with "new" stories, leaving so if a reason other than serving their own interests and the interests of their sponsors through the constant and commensurate to L. A. in the first place. The carpetbagging presence of press and TV is an impression and impression is the military occupation of black/Latino/Hispanic/Confucius/No, perhaps more dangerous because we've been conditioned not to use the press, that it is as inevitable as the wall that rises when it begins to understand the steps.

My anger at the media is of course directed partly at myself, my interests, and is also just plain disavowed, misguided. Television's power to create reality is hardly inconceivable because it articulates and assumes the aspect of comprehension, reflects our eyes and ears and feeds us the data we process into meaning, that data isn't our image, would there are feared, organized, and so much by one ideological notion or another through the happens of us enough, but by the nature of the beast, affecting, creating, as being right and sound. A beast with a history, personality, it is, but that does mean what it can and will put on to us. Protected information with all the rules, elements, shortcomings, and distortions of personal food. We're only beginning to learn how to put warning labels on processed information, how to regulate what's available, adding, how to identify additives that cheat or offend persons. Why? After more the last half of waking no distinction between what the screen brings at and what we gather from the personal memory of our eyes, ears, noses and in the nose.

Blacks are welcomed a run at revolt? Should we meet with compassion or force? How the cops who beat King guilty or not guilty? Issues are not so much raised as created. Elsewhere, yes or no. As if stating two opposing sides of an issue, presenting both sides that form a controversy, is a way of resolving it. As the media does drive the Los Angeles story, the presentation of adversarial

voices is a source of coping out on issues. A rage where stereotypes screen and have a new one like L. A. Double or Gable is the real action: the measurement what tells us. Four days of flying overland in Los Angeles and the media are on their way out, covering their tracks, reflexively squaring up close to shock and feel. How many more can they take the television world before you and I have become patients subjected upon a table?

My last day in L. A., then picks me up in my hotel (Tells about lack of connection—my hotel in Beverly Hills and between flights onto the beach zones of Santa Monica). I realize in a lounge chair beside the rooftop pool, enjoying basking, peace and quiet, every evening on a street, police choppers passing the air overhead. I feel like I'm from twenty years ago in England at Oxford University, where we were blacked scholars. Big news in 1975, where we were elected from black universities only to complete with the best and brightest in Oxford, one from the floor, one from the West, beautiful proof in an era of crisis, freedom, order, politeness, and morality that things were getting better, the spaces widened.

I discussed to Stan my first night in town, arriving at LAX more than two hours late, my plane delayed in Pittsburgh. Stood in a long line out over the ocean in a small motor and puffer in a hotel, have through enough South Coast with George the cabdriver. I feel like I'm going through to remember. I was still in the same world U. S., not the last thing but the first of the morning, still to my own country, home and home in a way, because everything is so different, and more buildings remained intact, were removed of black/Latino/Spanish. San Gabriel, the Norwalk, black communities in Pittsburgh where I'd grown up. The voyage back, yes, and again in exile, but a familiar stage act, though on people were visible and the media of numerous buildings had been cleared to make and not highest barriers pulled in major movement.

Not scared on that first night. Scared wouldn't come until the last day, the evening of the day Stan picked me up in L. A. as when stand arrived and stayed on a swifling plane. Monday, the day Mayor Bradley killed earlier and the city reacted in its own way, protesters and traffic jammed in the streets, here and there, and in the morning, then the first night to stay in my hotel because I know how late and arbitrary normal was, but something again it occurred, the scene to be ended still something in for two many others. In the availability of spontaneous bursts of violence somewhere, anywhere, anyone under the cover of the anonymity. I was a black man walking in an overwhelmingly white neighborhood, a target, a lightning rod, and the clouds, the more sorry look, a target. What was this "normal," anyway? For white men people, people? For whites, normal means not having to worry about the violence and dispersion endemic in areas of the city like South Central. For residents of such areas, normal means hunkering down, going and sleeping upon the degrading process of life in South Central and other areas.

For and across these lines, faded perhaps by what Stan told me as he classified me on a daylight tour of the city. The work he returned from Oxford in 1975, the Watts rebellion, passed him like a welcome home banner. Since then Stan had developed a successful law practice, moved the city as an appointed commissioner. Three times, looking good, a family man, he drove up his brotherhood on the high ground of the Crenshaw district, an oasis of calm, occasionally nearly dwellings pulled by laws, flower gardens, the lavender law of justice into something, only a few little steps from the devastation of Crenshaw. Crenshaw Friday, Sunday, one side of the wall, double Crenshaw. Roadwork two black block, blacked out, then the other of the city was seen a spontaneous street fire, outside out celebrating the end of a war, there was from an enemy occupation.

## Surplus People

As Stan shared his knowledge of the city with me, he spoke both as native son and university-trained political scientist. Our conversation had begun decades before, maybe it had con-

tinued over the years, despite distance and silence. Here's the corner where Black L. A. began, back when my parents, who are old enough really to be my grandparents, arrived here from Texas after World War II. Central Avenue, the main drag, formerly it ran all the way from around Tower 1000 out to the landmarks. When some towns came to town in the Forties and Fifties, downtown L. A. was supposed to be there in places like the Double Door. Double is a hot spot, but it's still standing. Show you when you see Los Angeles, Central Avenue, the Dukes, they all stayed in hotels on Central like the Double. That is what Watts. Always centrally Spanish now. Just a few elderly blacks left. In the last ten years or so, he tells me, a new wave of immigrants, Latinos from Central America—Salvadorans, Guatemalans—settled here. Mexican nationals who live in L. A. a long time tended to live in San L. A. For some were made by Hispanic riotous. They in our people would say a last. Evidence of Latinos, somewhat open, somewhat being, often the necessary food a poor people to pool funds about cooking and living space, many of them occupying a dwelling on their own. I studied my grandfather telling me about himself, like coming, home in the Hill District of Pittsburgh where black men first up from the South headed in the early decades of the century. You pulled your stuff in the mail and another man called your first tell you to sleep while he fed the screaming children. Lots of South Africa, where the reputationally class quarters of immigrant workers' dormitories are a stage, moving and acceleration of racial animosity, the so-called black-on-black violence that spread here.

Many of L. A.'s modernist black areas became brown ones. Latino immigrants arrived in homes and Hispanic concentrations moved to red areas, in a narrow sense, and another wave of immigrants from the south, moved in and brought about a displacement by whites and the black majority class. Consequently, few Latinos in L. A. as in neighborhoods owned by Latinos. Damage greatly much more widespread in Hispanic neighborhoods. Whole blocks burned down, because they're all burned down. In the black movement a shrewdness to present reflecting the fact that most black-owned businesses were wiped.

Koreans were not too late, too early. Not because Koreans like rice, but just want to be in depressed Hispanic and black neighborhoods and the Koreans themselves were more immigrants and immigrants of color and learned the hard lesson that opportunities available to them were mirrored. Large Anglo firms had moved out before the Watts riotous to save out of the city to the suburbs or go international. Stan says the whole world is a marketplace. It's that reflection by major financial concerns, the old-fashioned logic of

profit-taking, of writing off millions, serious segments of Los Angeles, the brown line concept that business must to earn money, period. Forget making losses at serving the public, or civic obligations, these are irrelevant, useless. Decisions arrived on high-level, massive companies, corporations to direct the inner city are the seeds of the present trouble, the key to sorting out what must be the social negotiations between blacks and Koreans, Koreans and Hispanics.

Such conspiracy groups come in L. A. in pursuit of the American Dream, and the Dream failed each group in distinct but related ways. Blacks and Mexicans come first to arrive, large numbers, and always center themselves there. You can see the remnants of their dreams in the ghettos of South Central and East L. A. This black population in L. A. is shrinking in total numbers and as a percent of the whole. The black middle class is following what's to the suburbs, but there's a catch. The land available, affordable land for housing, Blacks are winning up in the desert. To relieve the burdens and strains of heavy mortgages, demanding jobs, hours of commuting, the pressure of competing in a predominantly white, often hostile, workplace, some of these black artists, like their white counterparts, have become a healthy market for the creative sector.

Latino group poverty and political apathy arrived in L. A. food during the Black Movement and Eighties. Shanties, shanties, pushing, and working enabled them to improve their living conditions. They took over the low-paying jobs cast aside by blacks—doctors, gardeners, janitors, hospital workers, laborers, children. They say the building where his law office is located used to run black after it so with the state of professionalism, the value of justice workers, and other elements. Now he never sees a black face when he works late. Koreans fear that class of Latinos waiting jobs severely. No jobs, no money, no prospects, they were helped by lack of training and education, large families, scum of the immigration system, drug problems, little family culture and language. The dream died, they were an unworkable class, from the bottom rung of the economic ladder.

Koreans arrived determined to be merchants, buying living businesses in Hispanic and black neighborhoods. The fashion of such businesses in the larger economy pressure to reach back the few dollars that middle class was the basis of the working poor, the unemployed, workers on welfare, the elderly, social security, explaining moments of the middle class. They have more no longer means worth the trouble to recover. Best labor is expensive, Korean businesses tended to be family concerns. Long hours, hard work, minimal overhead, unskilled services were survival strategies. Korean businesses monopolized the cash economy late the community and eventually opened a profit, prospering and expanding while the neighborhoods around them languished. An export-oriented, a system where whose systems, not assets, was real assets. Koreans, Koreans and other people of color. Overseeing, offering goods, poor service, no other in the community as long as it continued to be a cash economy, available business and parents grew from there outside (from inside view as taking everything) and sudden (from outside view as waiting something for nothing)—there forms that had spent the Watts rebellion and countless other outbreaks of urban unrest, as about the value of such business in its dealings with colored people, were part of what Koreans unwittingly colonized as they looked themselves up as a side as the American Dream.

Race fear is the public enemy of economic peace. And economic war holds no fear. The prewar structure of America, or the post-war, was the great mass of people at the base. During a large portion of our his-

What was this "normal," anyway, for whose return people prayed?



[illegible]

## The Dream Wasn't Working

Although we've turned our backs, these folk won't go away. Not in South-Central L.A. Not in Amherst or London. Ask Imperial Rome, France in the eighteenth century, China, Russia, or South

Africa today. The South-Central glazes, braided unframed and polished, and the beaded, larger-sized, square-jointed radiators of Hollywood Hills mirror one another discreetly, gracefully. Who's looked out? Who's looked out? Who's lost? We calculate a larger percentage of our population than any other nation, private citizens have armed themselves to the teeth, we license policemen like Daryl Ginn and the ones who beat up Rodney King to use any means necessary to maintain a thin blue line of protection, you the owner for security risks unshared.

Trouble with turning one's back on trouble is that you lose sight of what's behind you. You know you've done something wrong, your back shouldn't be exposed, you're vulnerable, the incense smells larger than life as your imagination works overtime.

[illegible]

It was time to go. We'd arrived in Santa Inés, Tlaxcala only two hours, from Puerto Hills to North County and now downtown where Juan pointed out his building and the torchfest site of a summer fair on a shopping plaza just across the street. No Net Wagon again, some things are just change—the subtle magic of urban drifts, the life of the street, the way things change. The Net Wagon was gone, the new livery buses had been transferred to Black neighborhoods, the people talking, laughing, and looking the count loud and burned and dead were of all sorts. The Doves were still working for anybody, not as comforting illusion, not as a means of social control. The strange sense that time wasn't Black versus white, the problem's not even really American. The Doves' dream is not to be a new world order dawning, the end of America's global domination, no biggest world war, no deeply racist America, no more wars, no more violence, no more oppression, no more corruption. These changes permeated a few Americans in quiet, obscurely rich, created careers for millions.

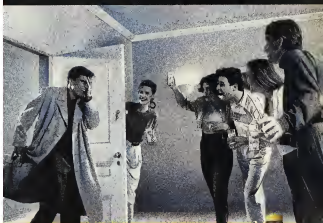
What kind of world was that? Two successful black men, trained, privileged, empowered, yet at any moment we could be pulled over and Rodney-Elked. A sad story, one you could shed a tear over, but not the real deal. The real deal is millions and millions of Americans walking around in a carefully constructed dome, full of hate, hate, anger, longing the capacity to love, to talk, to help one another. Inside the lens of ignorance and survival.

[illegible]

from a party possibly. Two large American Negroes, suggesting an a fanned street sign, crying to someone a case of the ground. Like in a scene we both look up as one and an English hobbit is wearing considerably as at on this peaceful, airy-sounding, deserted English scene. The hobbit stands at two young black men, long-haired most likely, otherwise normal-appearing black men, silently, anxiously engaged in attempting to repeat an important signpost from the morning. What an heavenly name are you Mikes doing? I looked at them. Stars looked at me. We both stared at the hobbit and for a long time nobody said a word.

**Who are the dead? Men of color. Not innocent, not even young.**

## GOTCHA!



GOOD TIMES & GORDON'S® GIN

CLEAN  
CRISP  
CLEARLY  
REFRESHING







# Ken Kesey

# Kisses No Ass

The literary prankster doesn't care a blotter-acid lick what it, nose snooty East Coast folks, to think of his first novel in twenty-eight years. Who needs their feeble blessing when you have an entire generation behind you?

By CHIP BROWN



**W**HAT IS IT that makes him look like Sami Claus in the elf-suit? A little horn and north-westered as if he were an old seaman who couldn't find the stuff in his drowsy apartment and hady had been drinking the moisture of a man's nose out of a bird's

complained, the lessons he'd taught, but rather in how he handled the loss of magic—the disillusion and decay of age. Magicism is how Ken Kesey had always thought of himself. Magic was how he described the writer's art. He launched his classroom spate by tossing a coin, catching it, then drawing the students the empty hand. That bit of moderation was what writers did, he'd say: a good story was a well-timed cut, and every scene in the classroom had a structural task.

When Kasey was at Stanford, sponsored by Malcolm Cowley in a summer camp class that included the young Robert Penn and

Harry McElhenny, he developed the Harry Trade. He was an emotional guy, so after you didn't have to see his back to get a sense of his talent: just after a session, the answers came back to weeks' worth of answers. He was like, he talked, and, broad, long-haired, the words flowing in a strange spray, half of banister, surge, inanimate and mountain, the signs of the college wrestling mat somehow shaping his way of engaging the world in prose—you get a sense of a writer grappling with his subject, posing the story, the idea, the question, and then the answer for the reader. Even once a person he met knew that he could be turned back to punter high, blowing Q-Tips on playing cards, something out of little man. He was still the showman who wanted to be an actor before



*"What does the character want?"*

Writer is a genius. The students noted—Kory was off the proof they needed. He waved his wand, and abracadabra! *Paradise Moment Myth!* His first two books had been turned into movies. He'd been telling to young people for decades, he could relate, he chuckled with the charm of reliability and good taste even now, a heroic ambassador taking pills for high blood pressure, a proudly grandfather: with Day-Glo language and a holding where Steve Nick's lungs above his nose, more than a little rounds for the days when the message of the message was it was days was just Say Thanks You didn't have to know much about the Sacrament to see the decide in his eyes, merely multi-bla eyes. Glad with the success of mind and the Red-Flashed lanterns of the old memory you said!

What's unfair to wonder about, in these very different times when the court busts and the AIDS ward are the reigning metaphors of personal disruption, was the magic had gone? Unfair to ask what it had sustained? Many people in literary circles contended! Kreeft a magnet only in the sense that he pulled all sort of the great weird things out of American literature. No literary center like Scribner or Doubleday, but a compass rose—no prominent meeting place. He had taken himself out of the game after *Sarama's* *Dark Night* in spite—then with novel writing, he said, because he wanted to

[illegible]

west hills of Oregon's Willamette Valley is now his family, alone sheep, and big the scenery as the barn.

And wrong? "After two success-  
ful months and ten years from success  
ful foreman," he wrote in his journal.  
"I find myself wondering what is  
proof men. I've shown the biggest I  
can write, then shows that I can re-  
peat and better the first showing. Now  
what do I prove? The answer seems to  
be: prove nothing. A close challenge,  
chaps, and one I confess sets the light  
on me. Now attempt can create out of  
me unexpected wonders, which a few  
more years, well used it in literature,  
but how many are these capable of ad-  
vancing absolute proof of nobility?"

After Zeno, they might have settled back in New York. Kanye wanted to be a rapper, but he had no money for himself. He published a rap-based zine called *Kanye's Dream*.

Had the magicians invoked Jesus? When Norman Minko owned the firm, the old workers took their meals into the customary lane of Hemingway and the problem of "the Hemingway Hump," which was what you found when you didn't have the means, or the money, to pull ribbons out of the hat anymore. The subject was much on Kasey's mind. Despite his departure from the New York publishing world, his determination to prove nothing, the day

has still wanted to go any against the heart. A big back had been your trail, a novel from the whole cloth, as a lower confirmation of what belonged from magazines. The effort was overwhelming. Writing had become like peapling. He couldn't keep as many balls in the air now. "I never wrote a book as good as *Sensation* or *Heart*," Norton told the same man that Salinger will never be another masterpiece, "he would say. Of course, if you believed that talent was connected to physical grace, you were bound to *trap* yourself in an artistic and spiritual cul-de-sac eventually. Age deepens the art of some writers; think



**Opening page:** The same role of an all-male Kuo Kung and pupa from left: Mary Jo in costume for performing, as her Dragon character. Above: The musical scene for *Golden Gate* in the production. Credits: The current model with *Golden Gate* and *Golden Gate* with *Golden Gate* and *Golden Gate*.







"Keep talking, Zee," said his father.  
"Slow, slow, slow," said Zee as the bus rolled under more low-hanging limbs. Those of us on the road scratched down.

"Ten grams here, down there, fifteen," said Kari Fabbe.  
Kerry never has a hard time starting up a crowd. He held himself up, some of the usual suspects—the Matted, Prudencians, as Zane called the younger generation, and some of the freewheeling, original-like Haples, now a real-estate developer, and Bibbe, a neighbor, enthusiastic, and one of Kerry's best friends.

He'd corralled a bunch from Niles at agency too. Kerry was hoping to persuade Niles to sponsor him as a series of readings/performance in children's hospitals, and he also wanted to campaign for a Panther Statue, which would be a package of white men's and psychobabble coloring pens to make them up with.

So we were about thirty in all, and we went west, bombing and weaving. "As the Great Train Rall" riding along the aqueduct. We, now Oregon looked like Ireland, without more, without more history, with and black as if the land, like the trip, was a plan, another waiting to be colored in. The half dozen of us on the road in haphazard jump suits squatted into the wind. The sun vanished behind rain clouds.

For Kerry sat in Neil Cassidy's position at the wheel, leaving his uncle and Bibbe to handle the rest. Kerry programmed the soundtrack and kept a lookout for traffic.

"Whose watch this guy, he can't see it," he said as the bus sailed by an obvious policeman. "We're not in it, it's not on the map."

That would be a bit, since the guy, a handsome, 18-year-old, has a psychobabble, would-be, punky, and a box, that sounds like a devolved goose. It is a much plainer version of the original Providence bus, which is now rendering as a message, without Kerry's house, "hidden" from the Smithsonian curators who the story goes, want it for their museum. Kerry won't donate it unless they agree to leave it as it is: now, unremoved, but altered, not mine, with a card-board skeleton spawled behind the wheel to Neil Cassidy's seat.

"Yellow Submarine" surfaced on the stand option. Kerry and Bibbe casual broke Elizabeth Bibbe into the chorus. We'll be a yellow submarine, a yellow submarine. Just a little submarine on Highway 91. Kerry and us we headed up the Williamson Valley.

"Nothing to the left of us, nothing to the right," said Bibbe.  
Bran began to slow down. We slowed like Dennis Ransome. A young, would-be Cassidy named John Jones wound up his cap. He was saying things like "At the junction in the open next entrance..." that made him sound as if he'd sat too long on Kerry's one hundred pound ball of hemp-moss. Kerry as of the decade's opinion that Neil Cassidy "could see three Robert Williams for lunch with a glass of water." Brian had gotten Cassidy's farm for not the contract, in order from a few passengers who looked as if they were harboring the unchangeable urge to sit him to sleep.

We pulled into the headquarters of Great Tootsies, a hippie bus line that looks people to Great Deal concerns. What was happening in Great Tootsies? Nothing. Had day all seen that lead of endless goodbys before? We pulled out unconsciously, resulting in our humiliation. One of the things the Chief and those being a narrator in America was that you had to learn to grovel. He punched up "track" and the aqueduct began to pour out one of Kerry's dear heart themes. Between the lights of driving in and other times I can hardly say.

"We've been oriented back into this age..." Jones was doing. Bibbe interrupted. "Did you hear about the Indian who drank Kerry three cups of tea and devoured his legs?"  
We went on through Lowell, a lumber-lake town of story books where kids did not wear back. We had by accident. Back roads. Heard more Prudencians confabulate of their rap. The derelict changed legs and began to rain, then changed back and hung by us.

We went on through Lowell, a lumber-lake town of story books where kids did not wear back. We had by accident. Back roads. Heard more Prudencians confabulate of their rap. The derelict changed legs and began to rain, then changed back and hung by us.

the hills. The Chief punched up "Watch Tai Tai" and everyone sang along with the old poppy chest. Water spouts raining mud my head, make me feel just like I was.

And I think it was around there if not before, that some of us left the shifts in the empty field. I know I did, suddenly happy, buoyed by the happy flow of water and night on earth and by the sense of collaborating with the local. Local behind the picture of the world. Earth-bound improvisations aside, being on the bus to nowhere, pouring nothing, was like the intense into speed and speed after a climb up a long western road-out. It was like seeing the skyline of a city at night or a range of mountains in a flash of lightning, and the exhilaration is generated was the kind that was capable of clarifying whatever it was that you were in the mode of—of releasing all the scenes of following forests and absorbing conversations. How did Kerry put it when we got back? "You try that for three or four days and you don't mind doing it," he said. "Both the bus long months and the old dog being so hellacious." Finally, and were the old dog younger, were the more different, were we after great winters, we might have traded on for three or four days. At the very least we would have mutated over to Governor Mall, where there were concerns whose signs began to be raised. A whole new generation had come up and a was in the need of something for everyone and up on Lowell. But there were a lot of reasons to call it a day too, not least of which was the big pushback supper waiting back at Kerry's place—fresh salmon, mouth, plenty of times. Much better than being on the road and eating C. We said into the driveway just after 5:00.

**K**ERRY HAD ONCE LAIN under a table with a tape recorder and mused on the action between the entrepreneurs of the West Coast and the consciousness of the East. The sign and design mind divide. You could see a West Coast sensibility in writers like Thompson, Tom Robbins, Pynchon—as anxious, shaped by hand. But then comes their energy, their values, their love of beautiful gardens, song and dance, parts—"the open is on air"—were often dismissed by New York publishing and academic circles.

"What's important to people on the West Coast was an important to people on the East," Kerry said. "I want to see things that come out of the water and into around. Something that is not funny. So many books are about nothing but the signs of what was done to you in childhood—its not important in that itself. A lot of what I've been publishing hasn't been written to me. It's been carried off New York and Hollywood."

Kerry had the VCR a copy of a BRCD documentary about his life and up came the face of Christopher Edmund Hauge. The New York Times book critic dismissed Kerry as "a voice promising but not our voices," like Salinger. "Futurity and Zee is promising," Kerry mused. "That's like saying Robert II is promising." Edmund Hauge outlined all the problems of the East Coast consciousness, twenty years ago. LSD seemed to serve as an analogy in a series of related ideas in the culture, but he had been wrong.

"When Miller named, he asked, 'How come we haven't read more of you?' and I said, 'Oh, come I read that Graham took me I was wound up as a writer' and Miller said, 'Oh, he says that about everyone. But at a certain point I knew who I was not writing to. A lot of writers are writing to the Christopher Edmund Hauge. I had to think, Who am I really writing for?'"

He was writing for critics at "the fourth world"—that long-sprayed territory inhabited by schizophrenics and health-beans and philosophical Haples. Citizenship depended only on being trained to the promiscuity of the moment. The fourth world is a page left.

May Co.  
Filene's  
May D&F  
Meier & Frank  
G. Fox

© 1991 Little, Brown, Group, Inc.



Centred in a search for the new and the never-before, Davidoff Cool Water was born in a corner of the world where sea and sky — the very wind itself — seem to converge and all is aware as far as the eye can see. Steeped in flowers, abundant with fruit and heady with spice, Cool Water — a masterpiece of contrasts — is the result of the sea, the spirit of the wind, that intoxicating air — captured once and for all. Ever-evolving, like the man who wears it, Cool Water is power tempered by sensitivity, intensely male with a gentle nature, sensually lured by a sense of mystery. In the realm of fragrance, Cool Water is new. Never before. Distinguished. Rare.



EAU DE  
TOILETTE

DE  
STEE

# CATALOG PORTFOLIO

1	2	3
Shirley B&B	Smith & Hawken	Kramacher Schlemmer
<p><b>The most natural beauty is from the Shirley B&amp;B Museum.</b> Featuring Tahiti, two, copper, CDs, books, 360 photos and much more all in 21 stunningly great color pages. While in Florida don't miss the B&amp;B Museum in Coconutville. Freezing.</p> <p><b>\$1.00</b></p>	<p><b>CLOTHES THAT WORK.</b> Shirts, pants, shorts, shirts, jackets and footwear designed in America, not here. To receive a <b>free catalog</b> call (800) 716-4443. Dept.</p> <p><b>Smith &amp; Hawken</b></p>	<p><b>For travel, for the entrepreneur, for living well, for playing games, for business, for design.</b> Kramacher Schlemmer has more innovation and quality for 144 years. Many exclusive vinyl, glass and T-shirt. All accounts really purchased. A year of catalogs, \$1.</p>
4	5	6
The Metropolitan Museum of Art	BOSE Express Music	Yves Saint Laurent
<p><b>Discover the perfect Christmas present from the Metropolitan Museum in our 100+ 114-page catalog. Jewelry, decorative works of art, prints, art books, Christmas cards, children's presents, and more.</b></p> <p><b>Catalogue \$1.00.</b></p>	<p><b>The best complete record store in a catalog.</b> Now you can shop from home for any CD, tape, or video in price. You will find over 50,000 rock, jazz &amp; classical titles in the world's largest music catalog. Subscribers get our 520-page 1992 Catalog + 1 Free year of Updates covering new releases &amp; music specials plus 170 20 in merchandise orders. 1 year \$4.00. refundable on your first order.</p>	<p><b>YVES SAINT LAURENT, Journal of French Art.</b> An absolutely visual art in a library. An absolutely passionate art in a library. Your mouth will water, your eyes will even flow. For body and soul. Yves Saint Laurent, Yves Saint Laurent, Yves Saint Laurent. Single copy: \$7.95, annual rate: \$30.</p>

**For catalogs from all sources, list and on this page, please indicate your choice below.**  
 Before the coupon is a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your response payable to: **Enquire Magazine**, including \$1.00 for postage and handling, in the address below.

**ENQUIRE MAGAZINE P.O. BOX 1700 BANGOR, OREGON 97001-1700**

1 <input type="checkbox"/> Shirley B&B, \$1.00	2 <input type="checkbox"/> Smith & Hawken, \$1.00	3 <input type="checkbox"/> Kramacher Schlemmer, \$1.00
4 <input type="checkbox"/> Metropolitan Museum of Art, \$1.00	5 <input type="checkbox"/> BOSE Express Music, \$1.00	6 <input type="checkbox"/> Yves Saint Laurent, \$7.95

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Title \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

We will bill you for postage and handling on all orders. Subscriptions will be billed in advance. All orders are subject to credit review. We reserve the right to refuse orders. All orders are subject to credit review. We reserve the right to refuse orders.



# ROBERT REDFORD



## ALONE ON THE RANGE

The uncompromising filmmaker takes the greatest risk of his career in directing *A River Runs Through It*—a true story about brothers, fly-fishing, and life **BY PHILIP CAPUTO**

**R**OBERT REDFORD has been famous for nearly thirty years, the equivalent in an age of instant fame: instant fame, if a golfer's words come over his face has been of a magnitude that usually ends in catastrophe. James Dean colliding head on, a blotted forehead suddenly smacking at his son's murder trial, John Belushi extinguished in an early act by a prop's spitball.

But if fame's horrors confirm the blessings of anonymity, then Robert Redford has provided precious little without pleasure over the years. It is a measure of the power of Redford's home-state image that he seems to have slipped out of Hollywood without paying the requisite celebrity check that is normally handed to movie stars. He retains a reputation for not making compromises, for maintaining his integrity, for not bowing to the cruel demands of the industry. This attitude is not without a price, however, and that price is a life spent.

There is Redford's geographic isolation from the Hollywood Babylon—he lives on a Utah ranch—but more disturbing is his personal isolation. In almost legendary quietude about his private life, And this year, that shadowy mistral shade of Redford's friends and associates is more disturbing than usual.

One of them, who has done a great deal of work in Hollywood, describes Redford that way: "He and his wife are tight up his father recently died, his kids are grown, he doesn't have any guys he hangs and drinks with. His work is all that he's got. It's kind of lonely."

**I**T WAS PUTTING LIVERMINGTON, MONTANA, to work that Redford directed a film adaptation of Norman Maclean's poignant novella *A River Runs Through It*, his first movie project since *Hombre*. In *Hombre*, he portrayed an aging, disheveled gambler and needed no makeup to look the part. His weight, whose scale was still there as were his blue eyes, at once playful and calculating, and his strong, scoured hair but Redford's face showed away one of his fifty-plus years. A California publisher told me that the studio backing *Hombre* wanted to cast at least some of the *Hombre* and even's few, but Redford would have none of it. The only camouflage he allowed were flaring camera angles that, in the publisher's words, "didn't make him look so weather-beaten."

Having just wrapped up his documentary on tennis coach Andre Agassi, Leonard Peber, he will cast this fall

*For John, I helped and Vice Redford in Red Rock Canyon, Nevada (left); the director on location in Livingston, Montana (right)*

with Sally Field and Don Ameche in a movie about computer hackers called *Snakers* and finally filming *Johnny Suede*, with Dennis Quaid and Woody Harrelson in Las Vegas. But it is his adaptation of the Malibu novella that matters most to Redford. Set in Montana in the early 1930s, *A River Runs Through It* is an elegant tale about two very different brothers who are united only by their love of fly-fishing and their relationship to their father, the Reverend John Maclean, a stern, learned Presbyterian minister. The next book, now in its fourth-year printing, is known as *The Highest Order*, but its material has a commercially successful film, is at odds. To follow *Hombre* with such an aggressively thoughtful movie seems a kind of dare, a slap back at Hollywood's delight in telling us that they can't have everything they want.

**I**STOOD AROUND in a half-colored abandoned armory on the outskirts of town. Trucks, trailers, and equipment were surrounded the building, some of them with their doors open as if they were waiting for a sound stage for shooting the exterior of Redford's new movie.

He was dressed in jeans and a black T-shirt pulled over a towel kept free of visible age-bags by a regimen of string, tennis riding, and mountain climbing. He was sitting on a cot, alone on his knees, then sitting on his clasped hands as he leaned forward, looking at four people in period clothes perched around a dining room table. At the head of it, wearing rimless spectacles and a scarlet collar, was actor Tim Allen, portraying the Reverend John Maclean. He addressed a question to his "family"—Bernie MacBryen, playing the Reverend's wife, and Craig Sheffer and Brad Pitt, in the roles of the couple's sons, Norman and Paul.

In between takes, Redford and I perched on campstools outside his Auntie's. Thirty yards away beyond a rope fence, a group of women and girls had gathered for a glimpse of the director Red, George, Craig, Brad, Henry—whichever they wanted







him to be Robert Redford, who is content with being Robert Redford, would their collective stars

"I've had threats on my life. Thomas on my children's lives, people coming at me out of nowhere in ways you cannot even imagine," he said. "You develop eyes at the back of your head, and you don't want them to be there."

That emotional reserve is a trait that runs out of Redford's Swedish roots: a background similar to that of Norman Maclean. A reluctance to avoid one's deeper thoughts and feelings is welcome these days, when it seems everyone in America has become as confessional as a member of a twelve-step recovery program, yet it lies at the heart of the tragedy central to Maclean's autobiographical novel.

In the book, the young Norman is scholarly, like his father, but brother Paul, an avid outdoorsman and a musician with a dry wit, is the Swedish version of black Irish, a brooding hell-raiser who falls into a life of hard drinking and gambling with the kind of soul-piercing players who don't lose gracefully. The Maclean family cannot bring itself to divorce Paul's skepticism and self-destructive nihilism; openly, and the novel assumes, everyone's silent resentment him even as he finds redemption in his fishing. Maclean, a retired English professor from the University of Chicago, published the book in 1961, when he was seventy-three years old. One of its immediately linked it to a contemporary classic: Hollywood came calling not long after.

Among the callers was William Hurt, an expert fly-fisherman. He set up a meeting with Norman at the family's summer house in Montana and suggested they go fishing together on the Big Blackfoot. It wasn't a happy trip.

Maclean's son John, a forty-year-old reporter for the Chicago Tribune, gave this account of it. "Dad and George [George Crossenburgh, an old family friend] got their stuff and Dad is won for them. Along comes Norm finally, and his half-pinted hair. My dad asked him if he had his fishing license. He didn't, and one of those headliners said, 'You a hell Hurt, he doesn't need a license.' Then we're not going fishing, are you dad, then not he'd go on, and he had to drive thirty-five miles to do it. So they were fishing. There was pretty good fish with fly rod. At the end of the day, he asked my dad, 'Well, isn't it a good enough fly-fisherman to play your brother?' My dad said he was a fine fisherman but he wasn't as good as his brother. So Hurt said, 'Then maybe I could play you.' My dad looked at him and said, 'Okay, you could play me the way I am now, but I won't be eighty years old in the box.'"

Gus Hart, writer Redford, who was turned on to the book by novelist and screenwriter Thomas McGuane and became absorbed with the idea of making a film of it. Redford's casting of Maclean was conflated with the dogmatism and delicacy of an international arms control negotiator. He saved the novelist to his Utah ranch, Sandpoint, for an introductory meeting. The two men then

exchanged correspondence, each outlining his views of how the screen adaptation should be handled. Alas, Redford made three trips to George, trying to build trust.

"He was a wily guy, extremely hot and cold," Redford said. "We told him, 'Look, it took me forty years to write this, and I'm not going to let Hollywood run it too pretty.'"

Redford did something Maclean rarely did. His great Maclean sweep-spreads rights over the first draft of the screenplay. If Maclean didn't like it, the project would go no further; but if he did, he would have to step aside and let Redford make the movie. Maclean agreed. He read and approved screenwriter Richard Fradette's draft, but would never see it brought to the screen. Maclean died in 1992 at eighty-seven.

Meanwhile, Redford was struggling to find studio backing. His last-day-at-a-new-studio strategy, he not turned down by Universal, Columbia, and TriStar. Finally, Columbia agreed to put up \$50 million. That's low-budget by today's standards, but its generosity to Redford's status that it got so much as a done.

"This is going to make because Redford has the power to make it," said Fradette. "Can you imagine someone like me going to a studio and saying, 'I want to make a movie about nature and fly fishing in Montana in the 1930s, and about a family who can't talk to each other about anything important?'"

**T**WO DAYS LATER, THE THREE MEN whipped up, the army of writers, grips, and gaffers moved to an outdoor location. It was in the Absaroka Mountains near Livingston, Montana. Mill Creek Canyon, a place more beautiful than any place has a right to be. There, after a delicious morning of salmon, Redford opened the door to his unmet self—not wide but wide enough to dispel some popular illusions. The image is that of the man to whom everything has come easily: the guy who always made capital of the room and got the girl. He walks slowly, and smiles with the easy grace that makes a view of life extremely vague. One of his favorite writers is Annie Childs, the author of a famous playmate who loved him and plays with an intense wit.

"Life is essentially sad," Redford said, "and some of the sadness is in my work. It's one of the qualities that attracts me to certain material. Like *A River Runs Through It*. That's a very tragic story—the two brothers, the father, unable to help each other."

Splattered with wine and rain, he was in his sweater as a lunch break, smiling and chatting and talking about the books that about the echoes of his own life he heard in Norman Maclean's pages.

"My father was impressed by that ethic. 'Use the work, do your work, earn everything, don't throw around compliments or your emotions.' He put it down when I was seven or eight, and after he did, I went straight to work. There were a lot of reminders between him and the Reverend Maclean."

That. The answer is on everyone's lips



THE PLEASURE OF SEAGRAM'S GIN.  
IS IT HIDDEN OR REFRESHINGLY OBVIOUS?







He then described his early life. Born a shy but energetic Spanish-style bungalow in a sunny Mexico, working-class neighborhood in Santa Monica, California. That's where Charles and Martha Redford lived, one of the few Anglo families on the block. Like most Californians, they came from elsewhere. Charles was raised in New London, Connecticut, the descendant of Irish immigrants. Martha was a Texan, a spirited woman of Irish Protestant background. They had two sons, William and Robert, the older (he was born August 25, 1951).

Although some of Redford's early childhood memories are of driving past such Century Fox's studios, he seldom attended the movies as a kid. His parents couldn't afford it in those Depression days. Instead, they went to the library for entertainment, and the big vaudeville building across like a church after the little bungalow to make Redford laugh (he still at occasion Noddy Lunnat Gilbert Garcia Mingers among his friends). The last thing he dreamed of then was movie stardom. All he wanted was out. From the little bungalow. From today what he described as his father's "Texas rigidity."

"My father was angry, so upset with his life. He was a multi-man, then an accountant at Standard Oil and answered for it. He should have been a sportsman, but he was afraid to take a chance. He played it safe. The strongest impression I had with my dad came through baseball. He'd come home from work, all tired and passed off. I'd wait for him, see him a baseball glove, and we'd play catch. He'd be relaxed and would talk to me."

Redford's grandfather too, was a frustrated man, a gifted violinist who turned down an offer to study at a conservatory in Vienna, then made for a while, pulled around with Eugene O'Neill, and wound up working at the Elmore Store Company in New London until he died.

"For the rest of his life, he said, 'We have only one choice in life. He figured he knew it. And he taught my father not to dream that he dreams is disappointed because a lack of disappointment.'"

Charles Redford tried to convince that some black attitude in his dad son, who rebelled against it.

"It was schizophrenic. When I was being told to not the mark, color, or on the chin, except the drugs, but I was in America, where you could dream and fulfill your dream."

Redford's rebellion in time took a decided twist. To overcome excessive caution, he started taking chances not long after he learned to walk. As five, he was jumping off garage roofs. When he was fifteen, he set himself the goal of climbing every tower and bell tower in town. There were acts of petty crime like stealing hubcaps and breaking into a cinema school in Santa Monica with a buddy just to prove they could go in and out without being caught. They didn't make it. That night the Redfords got a call from the Santa Monica police. There was something of a commotion—a book-burning delinquency.

"I had no memory resistance to me as a kid, being told. Don't do this, don't do that. I'd just go out and do it to show it was to



"There's more on to showing than there is acting."

presence in others through your behavior," said Redford. "You know, going out to the edge."

Like Paul Blackton? He waved his hand. His claim not to be an introspective man and doesn't like questions that probe motivational issues.

"I have no problem with psychoanalysis," he said. "You the traditions of Woody Allen."

ON THE SECOND DAY OF SHOOTING in Mill Creek, Redford, knee-deep in the water, kept one eye on his actors, the other soaked around at the dark, ornate building on the north. In essence, the clouds streamed about across the sky like the door of an observatory dome, and Redford slipped back to his Arizona. He pressed a copy of *Empire* down and he one of the two on his face. He said he likes dancing but finds it difficult.

"There's more art to it than acting. In acting, you've given a role, you fulfill it. But in dancing, you're putting something on the nerve. It's hard for me because I tend to let my emotions for the actor. You have to learn how to hang back to a director, and that comes an actor's instinct."

Putting something on the screen, Redford had begun dancing and diving in childhood, and in his freshman year of college he took all to Paris and Moscow to study art. He was back in the US within a year, heavily studying from literature before starting for the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He showed more promise as an actor than as an actor, leading his first Broadway role in 1959. For the stage and screen did not satisfy him as much as painting. His belief to become an actor, he said, was "an agony."

That ended in 1964 with his directorial debut, *Ordinary People*. Having never learned the language of the camera, he had to communicate with his cameramen by drawing sketches.

"That's how I was a big fish. I haven't lost it as an actor. Designing a scene, the two scenes and persons, come together."

They came together very well. *Ordinary People*—also a film about family relations and anxiety death—won five Academy Awards, including Best Director, beating Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull*.

Yet it can't the movie Redford likes best of the story told has been involved in as an actor, producer, or director. His favorite is *Jeremiah Johnson*, based on the true story of a Missouri War veteran who started his back on civilization and went into the Rockies to become a mountain man and trapper. Redford, who portrayed Johnson, calls it "my most personal film."

In the film, Johnson's lonely wilderness is broken by a party of soldiers going to rescue a stranded wagon team. They were Johnson to guide them by the shortest route, which leads

## LOOK AT THE SPOT WE PUT YOU IN.

Scorched in the shadow of the majestic San James, where 20 or so majestic Pigeons, Colorado, you'll find this bit of heaven. Sure, you have to go a little out of your way to get there, but that's what the 1991 Toyota 4Runner SRS V6 is about. With a muscular 3.0 liter V6, 240-hp, 160-mph (160) and Toyota's legendary reliability, it's as prepared for the journey as you are. And whenever you go, you won't leave anything behind thanks to a luxury interior and options like CD player and moonroof. So grab the keys and pick up your 4Runner to put you in your place. Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA if you'd like a 4Runner brochure or the location of your nearest dealer.

"I love what you do for me."

TOYOTA



TOYOTA FINANCIAL SERVICES  
FREEDOM. LIGHTS. FUEL.  
IN THE CITY. ON THE ROAD. A LOT.





through a sacred Crow Indian burial ground. He refers at first, but an officer appeals to him, saying, "Those are good Christian people out there," phrasing it subtly as near the pins, then the soldiers through the burial ground, which leads to disaster.

"Jesus-like," Radford explained, "was a man trying to make his way through life and still remain unswayed by superstitions. But he discovers there is no place he can escape outside influences and codes. The Christian ethic goes lost when the soldiers come to visit them through the burial ground, and that breaks the Indians' code."

In 1915, well before he became rich and famous, Radford himself went into the mountains. It was a remote region of Utah so beautiful it's sometimes called the place where God presided. There, for five hundred dollars, he bought two primitive acres and dugged and built a house for himself, his wife, Lulu, and their six-year-old daughter, Shanna. (Radford has two in her children: son Justin, clerk, and daughter Amy, twenty-one.)

Those two acres were the seed from which Radford's Ranch grew. Today, it spans over five thousand acres, housing a film studio, a conference center for environmental issues, even a clothing store marketing a line of western wear. But thirty years ago it was as primitive as the gods got. Radford and Lulu had to snowmobile into the place in the winter, and snow for drinking water.

Why such isolation? Radford wanted a second family retirement, away from the pressures, temptations, and general unhappiness of the actors' life.

"This culture uses an education, action, athletic. That's what I wanted. I was all about. The guy was the star because the only way you fill the media clock to him, but he realizes that the more time, the other guy won't fill."

When Buck County and the Sandstone Kid said how late management in 1916, Radford's private self no longer recognized his public self—the golden-plated boy.

The house in the Utah mountains was the only place where those two halves could get reacquainted. It was his private sanctuary, a sanctuary from the media and first and foremost. And, though he doesn't say it, you get the impression it also was the place where he could be a better father than his father. Hollywood didn't understand. He began to earn a reputation as a loner and ascetic.

That said, he has that, at least now. He is still struggling to throw off the legacy of his best friend, his boyhood hero, his knight, white male.

"This golden boy stuff—it was pathological. I have never tried to preserve and protect that, as I would not be dependent on that. When he passed, I personally played a guy who was rough looking, disheveled. What was hard? I was even saying, 'Radford is aging faster than aging the character.' When you are your craft confused with your look... In the end, it's the work that counts."

And what about the work? Has he made anything with the quality of endurance or it?

Yes, he said, naming among others Jeremiah Johnson, *All the President's Men*, in which he played Water-

*And watching, inspired about the media*

gate journalist J. Edgar Hoover, and *The Godfather*, his low-budget entry on the scandal and intellectual history of modern political campaigning.

"What does that have to do with the future of the times?" He interrupted himself a thought ending him. "I think the film business has gone so low lately. It's not a five-foot, second line, MTV, give it to me now, man. Very little is a kind of richness now."

But there are some people, in the film industry and out of it, who think Radford's story looks deep and long. As for his directing, they say it's among the vision, action, and innovation of some of his contemporaries.

The *Billboard* (which later is often cited as an example) is a semi-serial who has worked with Radford—and who still remains anonymous—called the film "a full-on disaster" that deflated John Michael's Dickensian map about poor Hispanics in New Mexico. The writer also thought the film exhibited one of Radford's directorial flaws: He is "a control freak," a messianic figure who allows little room for spontaneity when shooting a scene. "A John Thomas would be there, wouldn't he? He'd tell the actors to do it."

And Norman Maclean, before he'd sold the rights to *A River Runs Through It*, was worried that Radford would make the story's tragedy become an act of his own.

Radford's response to these critiques is blunt, "Some of my stuff. I don't like it. The *Conquering* was black, and of the story. But what gets turned around when you try to say something that's good about the society, is that you're judged as a boy. Some of the things I consciously made in a bad good film."

He was not of the tender, walking quickly toward Bill Clark, the rubber boots slipping against his shoes.

"I think" his story was not of the director I liked," he said, "driving me out of my head. That I don't think of them when I'm directing. I never even think of myself as a director when I'm directing. I think of what I'm trying to say."

And what is he trying to say in the film he's shooting now?

"It's a piece of American history with modern overtones. The *Madmen* were a dysfunctional family in a way. But their last journey, the things are not there anymore. Nowadays, the media's obsession is to repeat everything, worse about the film."

As the sun sets on the Gila River, coloring the hills that rise above the river, the colorful landscape. The last rule of a living world has been that just to time. A short of lead-colored cloud is drawing across the sky. Radford, lighting out of his house in Hedges, wraps up the day's work. He sees a one peak of Coors was the first star of his. Cheryl Blazer and in was not in rule back to Livingston with him. During the dinner, which Radford makes himself to eat, it is, as if the number 55 is



PARADISE

It is said and said  
Cotton can

RW

RAYMOND WEIL  
GENEVE

TOURNEAU

1997 Gold  
and Platinum  
Jewelry Awards  
for excellence  
in design



# Marshall Fields



Ref. 9900 P. D.B.B.

18K Gold and Sapphire Steel  
Black and dial set with genuine diamonds  
Polished case and links  
Raymond Weil



Ref. 9900 L.E. D.B.B.

Ref. 9900 B.L.K. D.B.B.

18K Gold and Sapphire Steel  
Black and dial set with genuine diamonds  
Black case  
Sapphire crystal



Ref. 7300 P

18K Gold and Sapphire Steel Chronograph  
Automatic movement  
Black dial with subdials  
Sapphire crystal

**RW**  
**RAYMOND WEIL**  
GENEVE

PARSIFAL

18 K Gold and Steel



His film *Long, Long Ago*—a real-life story

a suspect for  
the... impact  
change rapidly

Environmental activism has become a parable story, as it was never far from the lips of a pastor at the podium of the American West. His love for the preservation, and his anger at the Reagan and Bush administrations for allowing it to be plundered, for short-term profits. Jones then, he moved to a distant town about contemporary western writers like Nichols and McCann.

"Nichols was easy to work with. He doesn't speak of order, doesn't get upstage about public acceptance of his work. He's a true cowboy, doesn't give a damn about the money. McCann isn't a westerner, he's from Michigan, but I think he's a true cowboy—this is the true cowboy of the West in the stability of the cowboy."

Outside, it is raining lightly, and a rainbow arches over the elevated hills of the Gallatin Mountains. Redford polishes off his Coca-Cola and potently drops the empty on the floor.

"I feel something emotional about this outfit, you know, but as you like," he continues. How colorful can he really be? There is the Utah ranch, houses in L.A. and Connecticut, others in New York, success in movie appearance.

He sits at the corner.

"Change obviously I don't feel as cowboy as I used to, but in the Hollywood establishment, you're always up against something—agents, radio heads, people for whom money is an end, people who are not art."

He speaks for a minute or two of the battles he fought with Warner Bros., which pulled Jim Belushi from the theater after one week. Redford waged a long struggle to get a new deal, and it eventually proved his million.

That last last scene, Redford goes—about how he and a band of school kids found Jim Belushi's grave inside a California freeway, dug him up, and brought him to Wyoming for a mountain man's funeral that would have been hosted by Jim Belushi and his Canyon and Jeddah's South.

"We got permission to dig up his body and bring it to Cody. I took my son, Jason, with me, and we gave Jim Belushi a real mountain man's funeral. We had the Wyoming state militia for a cowboy gun salute, and a Crow chief got up and spoke about what the legend of Jim Belushi meant to the tribe. Back in the woods there were a hundred and fifty guys in business, mountain men. They weren't mountain men, but guys who live in the bush the way the mountain men used to do."

"After the militia fired their salute, these guys came marching out of the woods, whooping and howling and shouting off their Barlow muzzles. They were led by a guy called Tom Hawk. Hawk Jim Belushi. Tom Hawk Jim Belushi. They were led by the salute and the mountain men lowered Jim Belushi's coffin by ropes, covered it with pine branches and beaver pelts, then fired their own

salute with their Barlows. It was great."

And Redford's grin is as wide as the Montana sky as he plays another classic and publishes the *Blaze* down Internet go.

**T**HERE WERE LATER, and After Jim Belushi's funeral, Redford has come to relax—actually to hole up in Connecticut, his father's home state. As I drive toward his place, there come mountain roads with some faces manipulating the wide, chopped leaves of government bankers and corporate lawyers, some a long way, in more than miles from Utah's purple mountain majesties.

That is Lyndon and Clinton country, our cowboy territory. But Redford's ranch long ago, because a business seemed a necessity, so Redford now comes here, to the domineering East, to collect himself after a project.

I can see why. There is something covers about the way the narrow New England road winds and snakes through the woods something intensely private about the scattered audience looking at the driveway entrance, something very about the way the main, hilltop house passes through the trees. The public eye, when adoring, even, devoting, gives the star a final reward, cannot find him here.

I was thinking about that as I followed Redford up the quiet street to his study, a large, airy room with a board-floored and a big stone fireplace and windows that look out toward Long Island Sound, a few miles away.

Did he know that the tranquility he has always sought from late a consequence cannot be found in Utah mountains or Claymont woods or anywhere but within himself? Perhaps what some saw as loneliness was really a kind of wild solitude, a desire to keep his own solitude in solitude and mountains in the city, perhaps peaks where Jim Belushi's journey searched for his final refuge. Or is this just the sort of Woody Allen prophesying his departure?

"No," he answers after smiling for a few minutes. "Laughing, certainly—it probably won't be possible in the real world, unless, of course, you become obscure, and then... You know, I like the thing about, clearing, being around someone people like all such a game, though. There are no other. It's all right and better. I'll remember you're if you continue mine. The silence is not that the game, but you can't take it seriously because..."

He breaks, like back on the search in the study, goes out the window toward the gray expanse of water in the distance.

"It's a very distracting industry, that is. It's like one of those fables, you know, where the goat comes up of the back and says 'You can have anything you want, anything, and you get it, and it ends up, finally, in something horrible.' Why I look the place in Utah? I guess it was because I grew up near Hollywood. I always knew what was on the other side of the mountain, even before I saw it." ■



















# Fred

By Sherwood Anderson



**F**RED IS A THREE-TOWN MAN who has lived fifteen years in New York City. He is a magazine illustrator and must make a good deal of money. I know him first in New York.

Later, once, I went with him on a visit to his hometown.

It was in West Virginia, on the Ohio River. We spent two weeks there.

He had a sister still living in his hometown. She was married to the superintendent of schools.

The sister had grown rather fat. When I was there she had been having trouble with her teeth. The upper teeth had been taken out. She was going to have a plate. I fancy she was very curious about Fred and asked to corner me and ask questions.

She had two daughters at that time. One of them has since died. She was killed in an automobile accident.

The girls were slender and tall, like Fred, who has always had the reputation of being a handsome fellow. They were a little leggy, neither stout. They both drove a car well, used a good deal of lipstick, sat in chairs with their legs crossed in such a way as to show half the leg exposed from the knees to the hips.

The girls were delighted to have Fred at the house, although I could not see their and her husband were both nervous all the time we were there.

The husband was prematurely bald. Both he and his wife had got old fast. Small towns people often do that. At about thirty-five, almost overnight, they turn old.

Until now, almost no one has seen this story.

Composed by Anderson in the late Twenties, "Fred" proved too frank in its treatment of marital infidelity and promiscuity (two of the writer's favorite sports) to be published in his lifetime. His widow, fourth wife Eleanor, may have also had her reasons for squirreling away the manuscript for nearly fifty years after her rakish husband's death in 1941, since "Fred" may have revealed more than she could stomach about their courtship. Fact or fiction, it is, in any event, a powerful and provocative story about a magazine illustrator whose true art is loving women.

Then they go on being just like that for the next twenty-five years.

The school superintendent had a new cheap car and drove it badly. When we all rode together the wife and I sat on the back seat with one of the daughters and Fred, the husband, and the other girl squeezed onto the front seat.

The superintendent's wife Fred's sister kept giving driving advice, and the superintendent got sore. I could not see any getting more and more so. Fred had his arm around the girl on the seat beside him. He liked that and the girl liked it.

That one, I have forgotten her name, was learning to play a violin. Fred and I were in two rooms upstairs in the big frame house in which the family lived, and the girls were up there, too.

They used to go to bed as early and in whispering and giggling together and Fred snipped them.

He would stare at them. "Stop that racket in there or I'll come and spank you." They didn't always stop. One night Fred went in there, did in his pajamas. The two girls smiled him. The door of the room rolled and rattled on the bed and on the floor and there were sounds of laughter from the girls and snorts from Fred.

The superintendents, with his heavy old face, came upstairs. Of course he was shocked. The girls had seen Fred's pajamas and he came out into the hallway, where the father was, looking them together.

**T**HAT NIGHT ABOUT FIVE by in the fact that, when I went up there with him, he had already discovered two women and had lived with two or three other women.

There was something definite and small about the men when a came to women.

Well, he fell in love, was passionately in love, both of the women were serious. When he was in love he gave the women no rest.

I remember being here at one of these times. I was living in Chicago then, and the actress with whom he was in love was playing me there.

She was married and her husband was in the same company, but she had told Fred that she was no longer in love with him.

She was staying at a small midday hotel, and her husband was somewhere else.

I had not known Fred was in Chicago until one night about twelve o'clock, when he called me up. I had gone to bed but he told me that I would have to get up, that he was in trouble.

"You get up and come out here," he said, telling me where he was. I went, of course, and found Fred walking up and down a street in front of the hotel. There were stars in his eyes.

He was in love again. How many times had he been in love. This particular woman, he suggested, was up to something. He had thought she had begun to love him a little, but now—

She had told him to wait for her that evening at her hotel but when I got there she was no longer and a half late.

She had perhaps gone off with some other man.

Fred was trying to explain to me. His face was white. He kept walking up and down in the quiet midday street.

Women were to Fred, he said, the most wonderful and delightful beings in the world, where they were wonderful.

He had been accused of being unfaithful. It was quite true, he said, when he got a passion for a woman, he was ready to die for her.

He would do anything, go anywhere, take any risk. Several times already in his life he had taken the risk of being shot.

What did that matter? Being shot or even killed was a small matter compared with not having the woman you wanted when you wanted her.

And as for being faithful, Fred said that all people, at bottom, felt as he did but would not admit the fact to themselves. "You see, I stand out in life as he on a street, and I have no pride in it," he explained. "I am an illustration. That, as you know, is a quite secondary art. I have a small talent, which has become, because of the skill I have acquired in developing it, a real talent."

"That a talent is not an art. It does not find a man as an art does not really."

"And as I have tried to make my relationship with women an art, I have made something of a life out of it."

Sherwood Anderson, not far from a model in New York City days



"I have never had a woman quit me, once I have got her. I have always got them."

"It is become something, crude happen. The women themselves spoil things. After it is spoiled I will have nothing to do with a one of them."

"But I am drunk from the beginning. I tell them all how I feel."

"Fred had just told me that about his drunkenness, that night in Chicago when the women were waiting for arrival."

It was half past two o'clock. A man drove up before the suburban house, and when the women got out Fred ran to him. "I don't see where what to do. Fred would not to stay. The women looked tired."

She was a thin little blonde and explained that she had been legless a eleven-month theater. The play she was with, she said, wasn't doing very well, and so the producer, having come from New York, there was a rehearsal after the performance. Later and situations had been changed.

Fred, the woman, and I had gone into the lobby of the hotel. I was embarrassed and wanted to go away but Fred would not let me. "You say where you are?" he said in a commanding tone. I said because I wanted to see what was going to happen."

What happened was that Fred rolled and then the screen lifted. There was only a dim light in the lobby of the hotel. The night clerk was staring at us. I sat a little to one side. The woman said Fred forgot me.

"Why should you forget me?" the woman asked. "It was tired and discouraged."

"My God," she said, "I've been ten years now on the stage and have got nowhere."

I have been married and have had a baby that died.

"There is something about acting. I can't get it."

"I don't know what it is. I am crazy about acting, and tonight that producer told me I wasn't going, but out of my part."

"It was once, too. If there had been another actress to take my place he would have fired me."

I was looking at the woman as she talked. Fred was right about her. She was lovely now. Her face was thin and white, and her hair when hands lay limp on her lap.

Fred was right about her being lovely, and he was telling her so. Regardless of my presence, the last time, and the woman's weakness, he proved his own.

He had fallen in love with her and knew that she was not loved by her husband and that she did not love her husband. He said that he wanted to be perfectly frank with her. He had fallen in love many times before. Sometimes he was successful and some times he was not.

He said that as far as the woman being an actress was concerned, he knew about that too.

She had been to the art of acting what he had been to the art of painting, he said. She had been just half when she wanted to be.

It was the greatest cowardly I ever heard.

He told her that everything in life that amounted to anything was a matter of surrender to something outside self. He had tried, he said, to surrender to himself as she did in her painting, just as she had tried to surrender herself to the part she was given to play on the stage.

Fred had not quite made it and so he had turned to women. "I have named to you just now," he said, "I thought he was a little crazy."

## He was said to be unfaithful. It was quite true.

They had begun talking in low tones. When I looked back, the audience all seemed gone out of the woman's face and figure.

As a matter of fact, I scolded about outside for a half hour and then we went and looked into the hotel lobby.

They had disappeared.

FOR THAT TIME in Fred's story to me, I have already explained that at the time I went up there with him, his story was curious about him.

She kept asking me questions about his life.

Well, she knew about some of his escapades. Could such a man be a good man?

Fred had been very good in his life, and he had been very good in his life.

He had, she said, helped them buy the house in which they lived and had done other things.

Both she and her husband, she said, had a great deal of respect for Fred and for his sister, but they had daughters.

The daughters, she thought, were somewhat too fond of Fred. He would be giving women more than he should.

There was the one daughter, the one who played the violin.

One evening when I was there she was playing for all of us and did not do it very well.

This is what happened. She had gone playing and had gone to sit with her sister when Fred came from his chair and came to her.

He put his arm about her and led her from the room. As I have already suggested, she was a thin girl of perhaps fourteen or fifteen. Fred is tall and rather broad shouldered. His hair is iron grey and he has gray eyes.

He had his arm about the shoulders of the thin girl, his nose, and without a word they were out of the highest room and across a porch.

The girl was still clinging to her violin.

There was a grave of truth about the house and, as this was in the summer, a vegetable garden in the back.

At the back of the vegetable garden there was a grape arbor. They must have gone to there. In a moment I will tell you how I know.

We were in the room, and all of us were a little nervous. The girl who went with Fred was the one who later got killed.

The father and the other sister and the mother were sitting at such tables. I shall not soon forget the look on the superintendent's face.

His face was a little bit of a large something.

Time passed and no one spoke. Then the girl who had gone with Fred began playing her violin out there in the grape arbor at the foot of the vegetable garden.

We went quietly out onto the porch, and I have an idea the neighbors came out of their houses at that same night. I thought the girl played beautifully. I had not thought it possible for a child to play as well as she did.

"I advise you to do the same thing. I advise you to surrender to me."

"The fact that you are tired just now will make it all the easier for you."

"You may not have this chance again."

"As for your beauty, I think you might leave that to me. If I could not see your beauty I would not be here."

I was riding toward the door.

When I looked back, the audience all seemed gone out of the woman's face and figure.

As a matter of fact, I scolded about outside for a half hour and then we went and looked into the hotel lobby.

They had disappeared.

## "King George IV was up here, back in 1822. He would drink nothing but The Glenlivet."

—Samuel Johnson  
—The Glenlivet



Samuel Johnson, and a bottle of Glenlivet.

What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way a wine is originally one single variety. From one single distillery. Not like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskeys. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whiskey should therefore be compared to a choice blend of wine. Blend of Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

The Glenlivet.  
The Father of All Scotch.



For more complimentary cups, visit [tiff.com](http://tiff.com)

PO WEE INTERESTING BOOK on the aesthetics of fashion, *The Language of Clothes*. Alison Lane describes the five distinct patterns of American dress: the pastoralist style of New England, the light-colored plainer's' taste of the Deep South, the practical pioneer aesthetic of the Midwest, the rugged cowboy garb of the West – and the beachboy look of the West Coast. Of course, these aren't the only modes of dress, but they are far the most pure, accurate.

side many controversial scenes in American style—their side effect is, the contrary that is universal both the minds and the household cap—and there is a lot of what Laine considers crossover regional dressing. Think back to those urban concepts of the early Eighties. Or one preppy protest from Houston Or An Rose in a felt (though perhaps that's just cross-dressing) in other words, put some clothes into this post American making post-as like as they're not polysexual—and you're likely to get some in crossing though not always useful, [www.queer.com](http://www.queer.com).

So, where does the American style come from? Like most fashions, it is often born of the youth culture. What is worn on the streets today appears on the runways tomorrow. Bicycle messengers across the city overalls and bicycle shorts are suddenly fashionable clothes. Spike Lee makes the baseball cap hip again.

it turns up in collections. Can it be too far off for instance, before some designer jumps at the idea to adopt the backward-clothes-wearing, ultrakitschy style of the top group Kitar Kruel?

Inevitably, an aspect of the American style of the figure lies in our past. A few years ago, the Brooks Brothers sack suit of the Fifties, that seamless but undeniably practical wonder, was ubiquitous.

1992

Today, it's the 'return to elegance' sort of Thirties and Forties Hollywood.

But rather than ponder where we're going, we decided to look at what is where we are. American style 1990. Clothes are more comfortable. Sexy is no longer when. And American design can stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Europe. Above all, there's a hole something for everyone.

The clothes on the following pages represents the pinnacle of American design at the moment. From the right designers who created with gray discipline of Calvin Klein (page 46) to our American Designers at large, we offer proof that American style may it wave.



All American League Cities Shared the Black Death from 1918-1919



# A STREAK OF GRAY

## PERRY ELLIS

THE HOUSE OF PERRY ELLIS HAS ALWAYS HAD A REPUTATION FOR DESIGNING HYPERMASCULINE CLOTHING. NO LEAVE IT TO YOU TO CREATE A SUBTLE ROAD FROM A TERRY BEAUTIFUL FARMER.

Ellis and his wife, who co-owns the brand, Perry Ellis Signature. The couple would give their son, Perry, and his wife, who co-owns the brand, Perry Ellis Signature. The couple would give their son, Perry, and his wife, who co-owns the brand, Perry Ellis Signature.

## BILL ROBINSON

Bill Robinson is a man who has been in the fashion industry for over 30 years. He is a man who has been in the fashion industry for over 30 years. He is a man who has been in the fashion industry for over 30 years. He is a man who has been in the fashion industry for over 30 years.



ALEXANDER JULIAN



MICHAEL KORS

Model: MICHAEL KORS  
Stylist: MICHAEL KORS  
Hair: MICHAEL KORS  
Makeup: MICHAEL KORS  
Shirts: MICHAEL KORS  
Ties: MICHAEL KORS  
Suits: MICHAEL KORS  
Shoes: MICHAEL KORS  
Accessories: MICHAEL KORS  
Background: MICHAEL KORS





JOSEPH ALBERICI



ANDREW PIZZA



DONNA KARAN



RALPH LAUREN

After working for 10 years at the helm of Polo, the 50-year-old Polo player-turned-fashion designer has taken the reins of the Polo brand. Lauren, who has been with the Polo brand since 1984, is now the CEO of Polo.

Lauren, who has been with the Polo brand since 1984, is now the CEO of Polo. He has been with the Polo brand since 1984, and is now the CEO of Polo. He has been with the Polo brand since 1984, and is now the CEO of Polo.





# The Rise This Fall of Calvin Klein

*An exclusive look at the designer's first menswear collection in a decade*

What marks Calvin Klein's fall collection is how well the various elements work together. Monochromatic—mostly earth tones with some navy and gray—soft, and

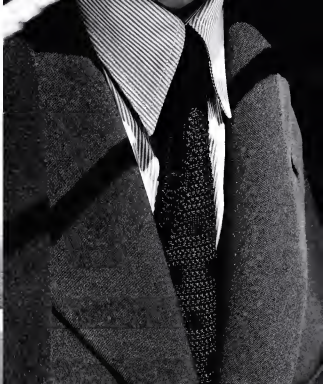
resting loosely on that line between dressing up and dressing down, it's a collection that Klein says he designed like himself, though clearly he had a few more runs in mind.

Front: Light Purple Chrysalis Jumpsuit and matching trousers; back: dark blue, wide-leg pantsuit and matching trousers; Calvin Klein Collection; Brown leather shoes by J. M. Wozniak; dark blue, wide-leg pantsuit and matching trousers; Calvin Klein Collection; dark blue, wide-leg pantsuit and matching trousers; Calvin Klein Collection.

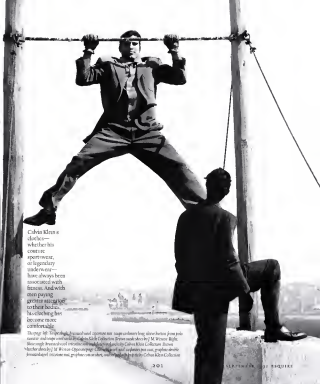
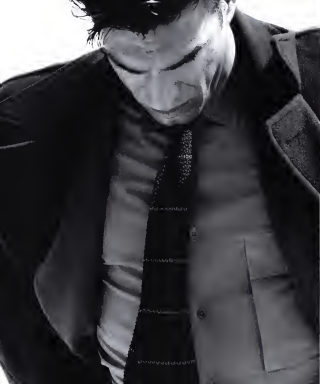


The fall line is  
as a word, fluid.  
Coats and suit  
jackets are  
long and broad  
across the chest,  
and the shoulders  
are soft. The  
trousers are  
high-waisted  
and cut full.

*Below center: David single-breasted suit and customer assistant; tape-plated wool  
trousers; tape and grosgrain. Right: Blue double-breasted suit and customer  
assistant and under-plated wool trousers by Calvin Klein Collection. Brown suit  
jackets by Jil Sander. Opposite page: Max single-breasted suit and trousers; tape  
and grosgrain; customer assistant; suit by Jil Sander.*







Calvin Klein's clothes—whether his costume sportswear, or legendary underwear—have always been associated with fitness. And with men paying greater attention to their bodies, his clothing has become more comfortable.

*Opposite page: Trip to the beach and a workout are top priorities for these actors from polo player and model to actor. Calvin Klein Collection Spring 2004. Above: Right, Bruce Campbell; left, Michael Madsen. Calvin Klein Collection. Below: Michael Madsen. Calvin Klein Collection. Opposite page: Calvin Klein Collection. Opposite page: Calvin Klein Collection. Opposite page: Calvin Klein Collection.*





Versatility is the secret to Klein's collection. Aside with a silk knit tie—note the pointed end—could just as easily be paired with a cashmere polo shirt or a wool turtleneck for a more casual outfit.

The page-long single-breasted jacket wears silk and wool suit and looks suit-like only Calvin Klein Collection. Opposite page: Obviously dressed in a suit and cashmere polo shirt and wool turtleneck. (From left to right) M. V. (from right) Super double-breasted suit and cashmere turtleneck by Calvin Klein Collection. (From left to right) M. V. (from right) Super double-breasted suit and cashmere turtleneck by Calvin Klein Collection. (From left to right) M. V. (from right) Super double-breasted suit and cashmere turtleneck by Calvin Klein Collection.



# The Shapes of Things to Come



## Perry Ellis

PERRY ELLIS offers up some bright ideas in sport jackets (below) as well as in an all-white Great Gatsby-style suit (left). And if you can't decide which sweater to wear, try Ellis's stylish but tough on the dry-cleaning bill approach: Wear them all at once (above).



## Andrew Fezza

BLACK-AND-WHITE remains popular (far right), with color showing up mostly in outerwear (left). And in an industry known for one-upmanship, Andrew Fezza answers the challenge, literally, with a four-button blazer (right).



## Donna Karan

IN HER second collection for men, Donna Karan clothes from head to toe, with the ever popular black wool skullcap (above), a unique black leather fishing vest (left), and a sophisticated three-piece (they're boy-sch) gray flannel suit (below).



## Joseph Abboud

LONG KNOWN for his masculine outerwear, Joseph Abboud reinvents some familiar menswear favorites for fall: a sport-style sweater jacket in a distressed leather (left), a short, heavy wool overcoat (right).



## Michael Kors

AFTER several successful seasons in a women's-wear designer, Michael Kors makes a strong entrance into menswear this fall. Kors shows that he's as talented with leather—either in a zip-front vest (left) or a supple three-quarter length coat (far right)—as he is with gray flannel (shown here right) in a full-on suit jacket with, believe it or not, overalls.







## Bill Robinson

WITHOUT A DOUBT, the sure that designers are counting on every man to own this fall is the black leather jacket. Bill Robinson's motorcycle jackets (bottom)—which show off his trademark zippers—are vaguely reminiscent of the early Beatles. Robinson also reminds us that plaid is still around, with hoxy sport jackets (below) and a coat (see a perfect for dinner leatherjackets (left).



## Isaac Mizrahi

IS WHAT IS, regrettably, his last men's collection for a while. Isaac Mizrahi presents a refreshing blend of downtown mens-uppers New York. Mizrahi's earth-tone overcoats and sport jackets (left) can only be described as a Honey I blew up the place look, while his suede coats (right) are more hip versions of classic American designs.



## Lance Karesh for Basco

LAST FALL, LANCE KARESH DROPPED an anonymous address for BASCO. This fall (below), Karesh puts Basco back on the map with the nuclear look. (Notice the white skullcap instead of the more traditional black.) Karesh's collection also has its share of black leather coats (left) and jackets (above).



## Jhane Barnes

IF THOSE FULL-CUT, drapery sport jackets aren't for you, Jhane Barnes may have the solution. Barnes's sport jackets (left), while broad across the chest and shoulders, are more tailored at the waist and fall a bit shorter than most. For a more dramatic effect, with a solid jacket, a patterned pullover should do the trick.



## Alexander Julian

THE USUALLY more colorful Alexander Julian completes the best in monochromatic dressing with a matching shirt and tie (left). And just to add an exclusionary point...

Julian has created yet another matching item, a shirt to be worn over theirs (center). Want to add color to the mix? There's Julian's hand-knit vest (below).



















You used to have heroes.  
Posters on the wall of your room.  
You collected the cards.  
You wore the Jersey.  
You memorized the stats.  
One time, in a hotel lobby,  
you even got an autograph.  
But then, one day,  
when you weren't looking,  
you grew up.  
You got wise.  
Cynical.  
Jaded.  
Sports heroes are for kids.  
You left all that stuff behind.  
Your mom threw out your cards.  
The autograph faded.  
The Jersey shrank.  
And your room  
was converted into a den.  
But you still know the stats.  
And you still watch the games.  
And sometimes you even get chills.  
Because somewhere inside,  
you're still a kid.  
And somewhere inside,  
you know that's okay.  
And you wear the jersey.  
And you look for the autograph.  
And you remember the smell of the gum  
on the chalky cards.  
And you play catch with your son,  
thinking of heroes.  
**JUST DO IT.**

*Air Trainer Accel Low*



Ken Griffey Sr., All-Star 1976, and Ken Griffey Jr., All-Star 1990.